

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 132

22p

LOCKED IN THE HULL OF A
ROTTING CRAFT, DEEP
UNDER THE OCEAN OF AN
ALIEN PLANET, LIES A
DEADLY THREAT TO THE
EARTH EMPIRE. IT IS ...

THE UNDEAD

STARBLAZER

A stylized illustration of a planet's horizon. The bottom half of the image is a dark, textured silhouette of a planet's surface. Above the horizon, the sky is a bright, glowing white, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The overall effect is dramatic and atmospheric.

EARTH COLONISATION REACHED OUT AND COVERED THE GALAXY. THE DEMAND FOR FOOD WAS SO GREAT THAT MAN TURNED TO THE VAST OCEANS OF FAR-OFF PLANETS. ON OPREL, A SEAFARM COLONY, SURVEYING WAS UNDER WAY IN PREPARATION FOR THE OPENING UP OF NEW AREAS. UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, THERE LURKED, DORMANT IN THE DEEP, A MENACE SO CHILLING THAT THE WHOLE OF MANKIND WAS IN DEADLY DANGER. IT WAS A BODYLESS EVIL, LOOKING FOR SUITABLE HOSTS TO INHABIT . . .

The Undead

OPREL WAS A WATER COVERED PLANET IN THE PISCES SYSTEM. IT WAS A VITAL COG IN THE UNDERWATER FARMING CHAIN. TERRAN STARSUB, ATLANTIS, WAS ON ROUTINE PATROL WHEN IT MADE A CONTACT.

METALLIC CRAFT, NOT OF TERRAN ORIGIN. OUR SCANS CAN'T GET THROUGH ITS DENSE WALL. I THINK WE SHOULD WAIT FOR A BATTLE CRAFT, MISTER WATT.

THIS CRAFT HAS BEEN HERE FOR EONS. ANYTHING INSIDE MUST BE DEAD.



4
ARLOW WATT WAS A UNITEC, A UNIVERSAL SCIENCE TECHNICIAN, WHOSE JOB WAS TO MONITOR THE VITALLY NEEDED FOOD SUPPLIES —

FAIR ENOUGH! USE THE INVESTITUBE.

INVESTITUBE



THE INVESTITUBE, ATTACHED TO THE PARENT CRAFT, WAS SLOWLY EXTENDED —

PLEASE PROGRAMME.

I WANT A HERMETIC CLAMP ON THE ALIEN SHIP, FOLLOWED BY CUT-THROUGH.



ARLOW GUIDED THE
SEGMENTED
INVESTITUBE
TOWARDS THE
STRANGE CRAFT—

SEAL IMPACT IN FOUR SECONDS,
SUBJECT TARGET SELECTED.



IMPACT IMMEDIATE,
IMPACT IMMEDIATE!



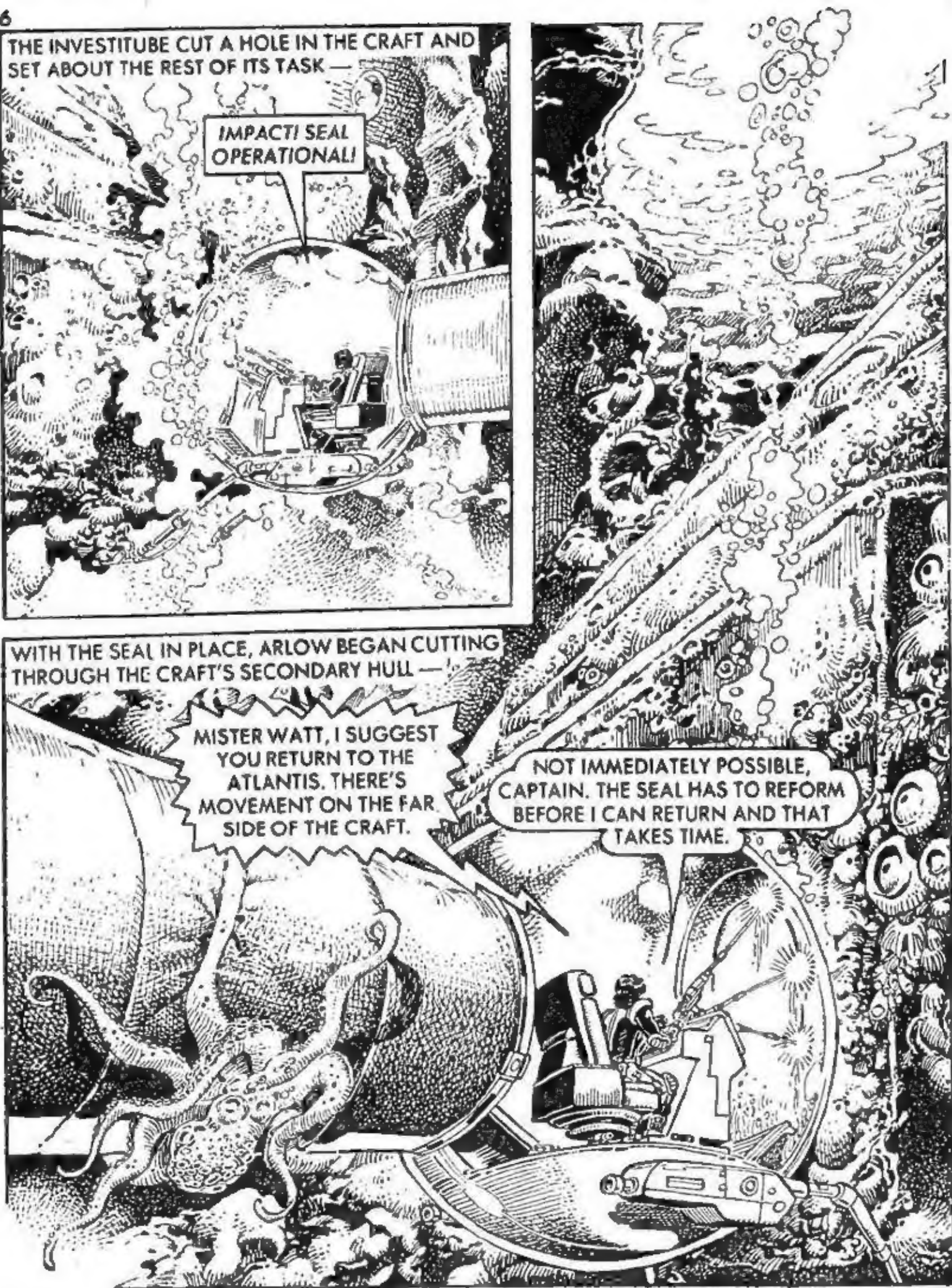
THE INVESTITUBE CUT A HOLE IN THE CRAFT AND SET ABOUT THE REST OF ITS TASK —

IMPACT! SEAL OPERATIONAL!

WITH THE SEAL IN PLACE, ARLOW BEGAN CUTTING THROUGH THE CRAFT'S SECONDARY HULL —

MISTER WATT, I SUGGEST YOU RETURN TO THE ATLANTIS. THERE'S MOVEMENT ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CRAFT.

NOT IMMEDIATELY POSSIBLE, CAPTAIN. THE SEAL HAS TO REFORM BEFORE I CAN RETURN AND THAT TAKES TIME.



ARLOW WAS ALMOST THROUGH THE CRAFT'S SHELL WHEN THE THREAT WAS REVEALED.

A DEFENCE SYSTEM! IT'S A LASER CUTTER—IT'LL SLICE THROUGH THE INVESTITUBE.

I'LL USE A PERCUSSION TORP TO KNOCK IT OFF COURSE!

ATLANTIS FIRED THE TORP —
WEAPON DIVERTED!!

IT'S HEADING FOR THE CONNECTION TUBE!

THE OUT OF CONTROL LASER CUTTER SEVERED ARLOW'S ONE ROUTE OF ESCAPE.

I'M GOING IN, CAPTAIN.

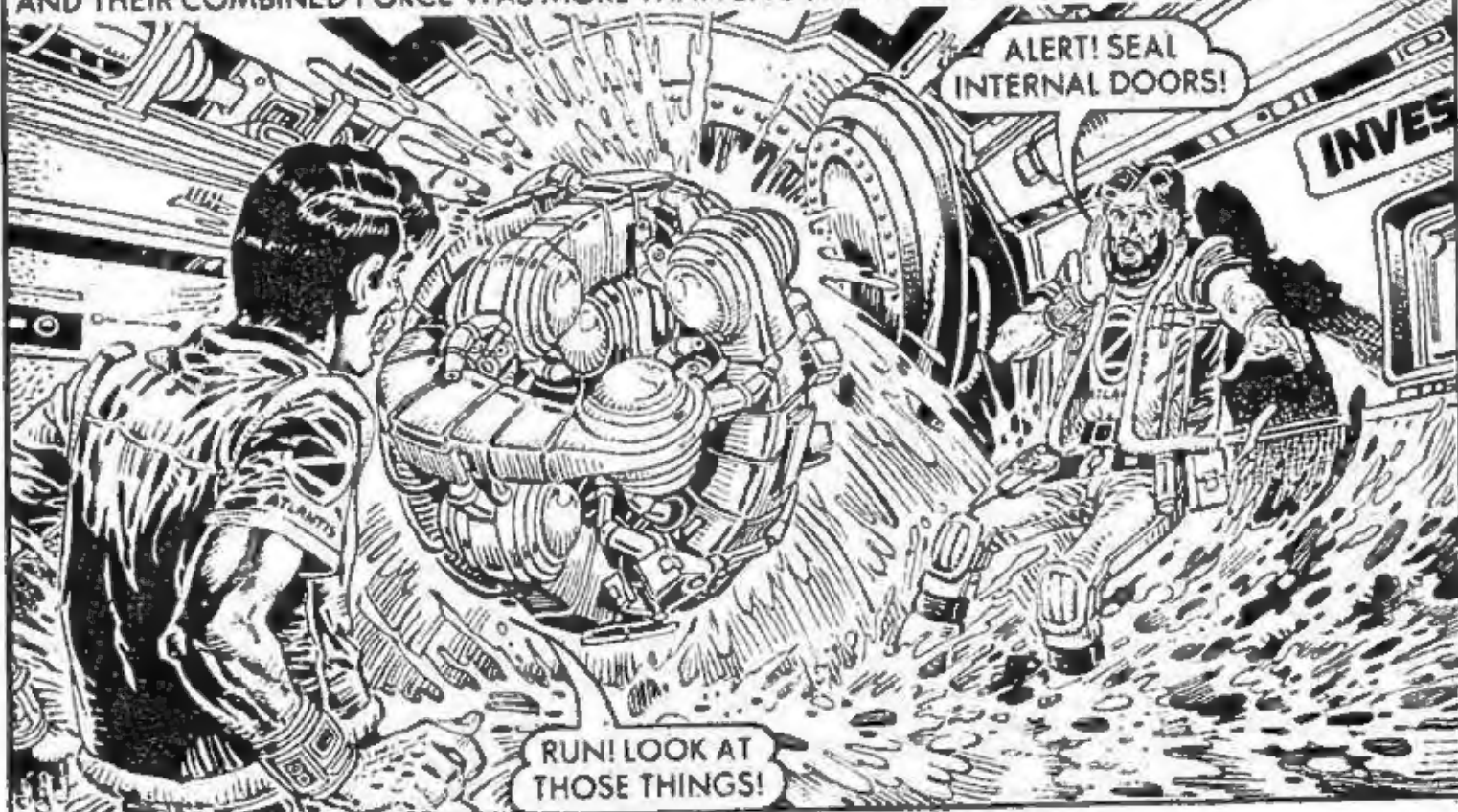
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, MISTER WATT. WE'VE PICKED UP A NUMBER OF SMALL WEAPONS EMERGING FROM THE CRAFT. I CAN'T RISK MY CREW—I'M PULLING OUT.

AS THE ATLANTIS' ENGINES BURNED TO LIFE, MORE OF THE CRAFT'S DEFENCES ATTACKED.



THEY'RE MAKING FOR
THE CONNECTION TUBE!

AWARE OF THE HATCH'S STRENGTH, THE WORM DROIDS FORMED A TIGHT BALL
AND THEIR COMBINED FORCE WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH.



ALERT! SEAL
INTERNAL DOORS!

RUN! LOOK AT
THOSE THINGS!


9
NOTHING COULD STOP THE WORMS REACHING THEIR VICTIMS.

AEE! NOOOO!!




AS ATLANTIS SANK OUT OF CONTROL, ARLOW DONNED A PRESERVATION SUIT —

NOW I'M HERE I'D BETTER LEARN ALL I CAN.



ARLOW WAS ENTERING THE MYSTERIOUS CRAFT WHEN A HUGE LIVING GLOBE WAS EJECTED.

FREEDOM! THAT AQUA CRAFT'S BOTANICAL SECTION WILL PROVIDE THE MATERIALS FOR THE REBIRTH OF MY RACE!

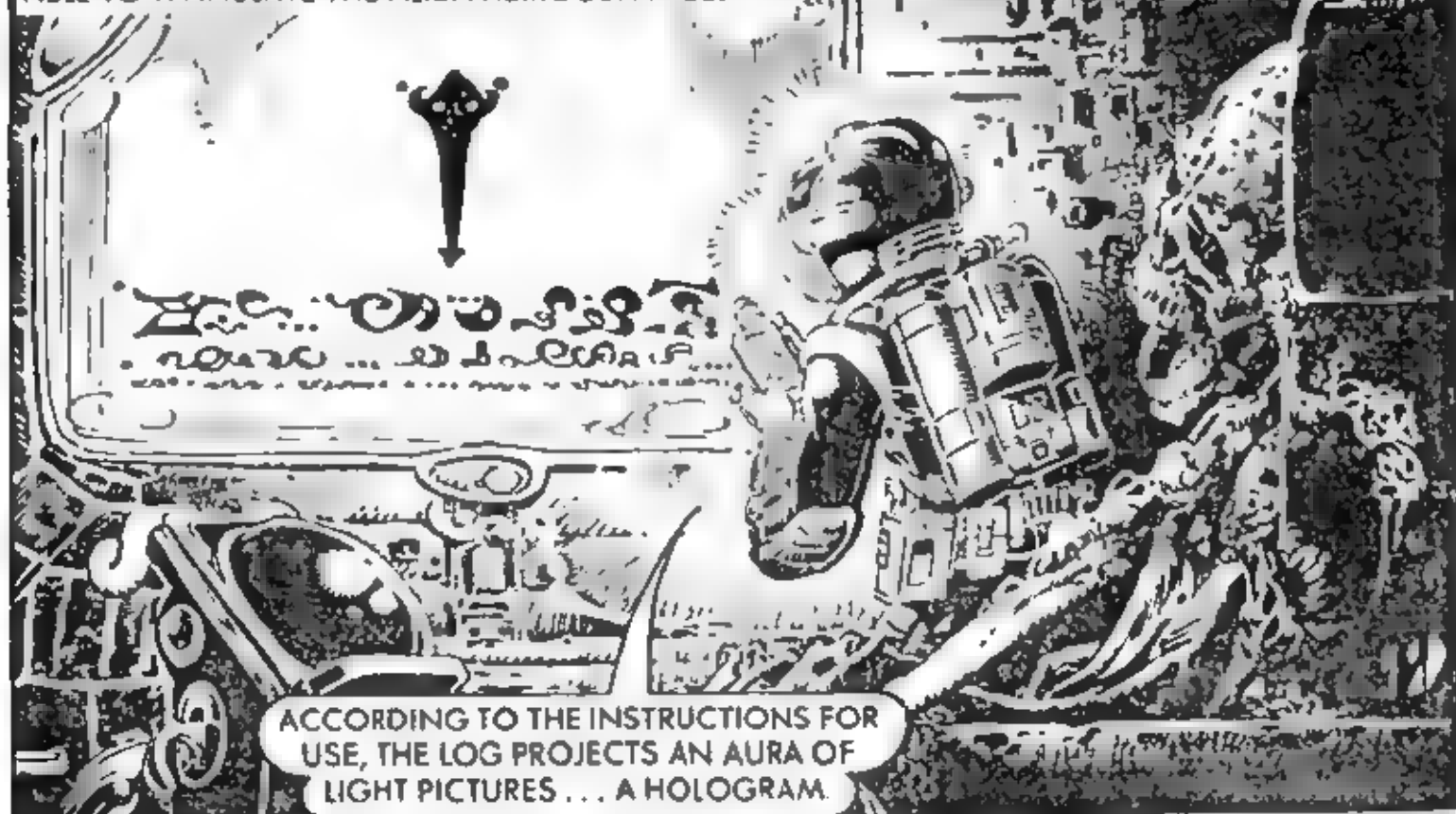


INSIDE THE CRAFT ARLOW CAME ACROSS AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT.

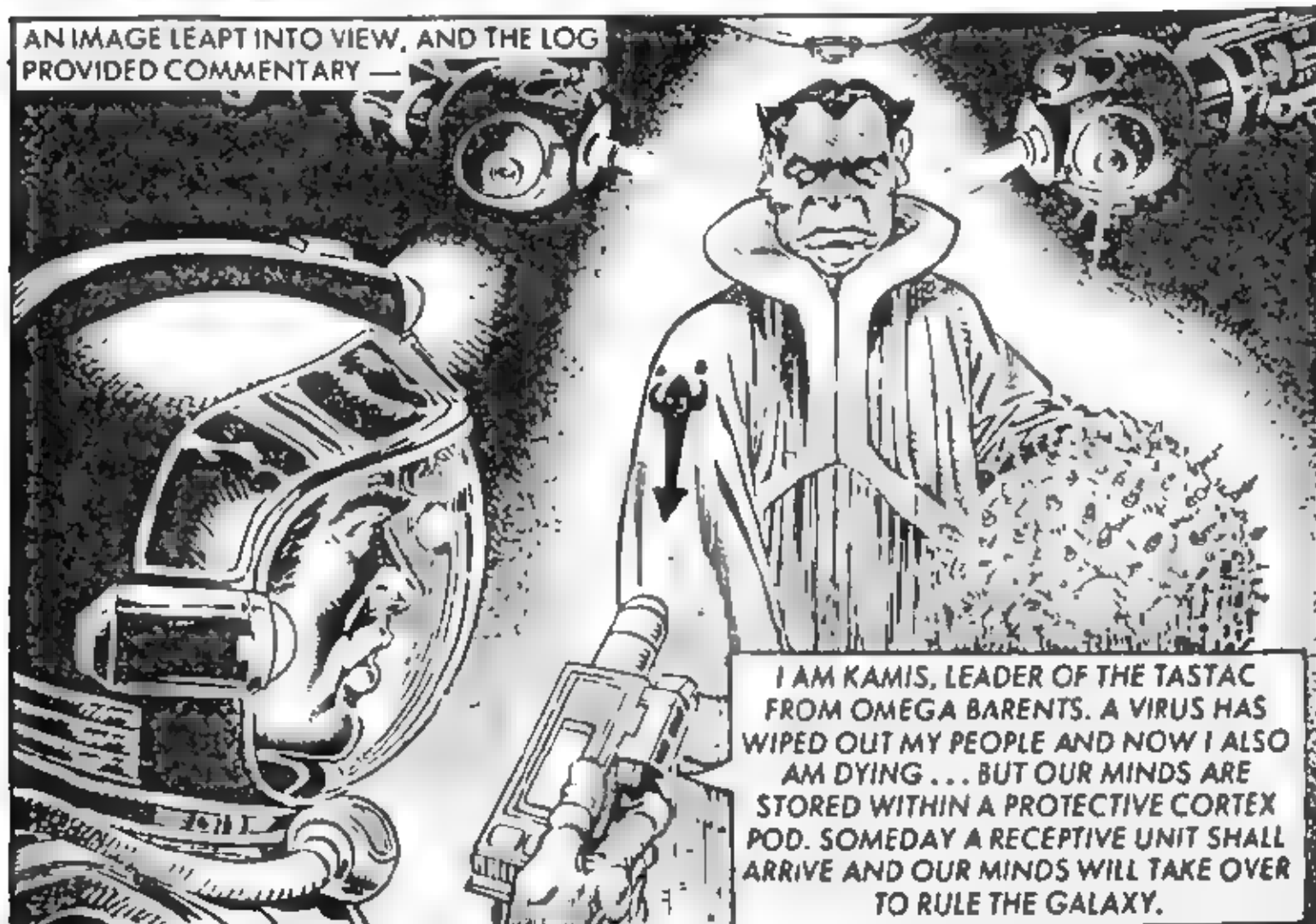
JUPE—A HUMANOID! JUDGING BY SCANNERS THEIR TECHNOLOGY IS OLDER THAN THE DINOSAURS OF EARTH! I'LL USE THE IMAGE ANALYSER TO FIND THE LOG.



THE IMAGE ANALYSER HELD A BILLION LANGUAGE CODES, BUT WITHIN SECONDS IT WAS ABLE TO TRANSLATE THE ALIEN HEIROGLYPHICS.



AN IMAGE LEAPT INTO VIEW, AND THE LOG PROVIDED COMMENTARY —



AS ARLOW LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT HE REALISED THAT THE CORTEX POD WAS ALREADY ON ITS WAY TO THE ATLANTIS.



ARLOW LEFT THE CRAFT THROUGH AN AIRLOCK, TO BE FACED BY ONE OF OPREL'S KILLER FISH.



ARLOW OPENED HIS OXYGEN VALVES, AND THIS DISCHARGE OF GAS PROPELLED HIM FORWARD AT SPEED —



I'LL COLLECT THE SUB'S DATA ON THE ALIEN CRAFT AND THEN RETURN TO OPREL BASE IN A LIFEBOAT.

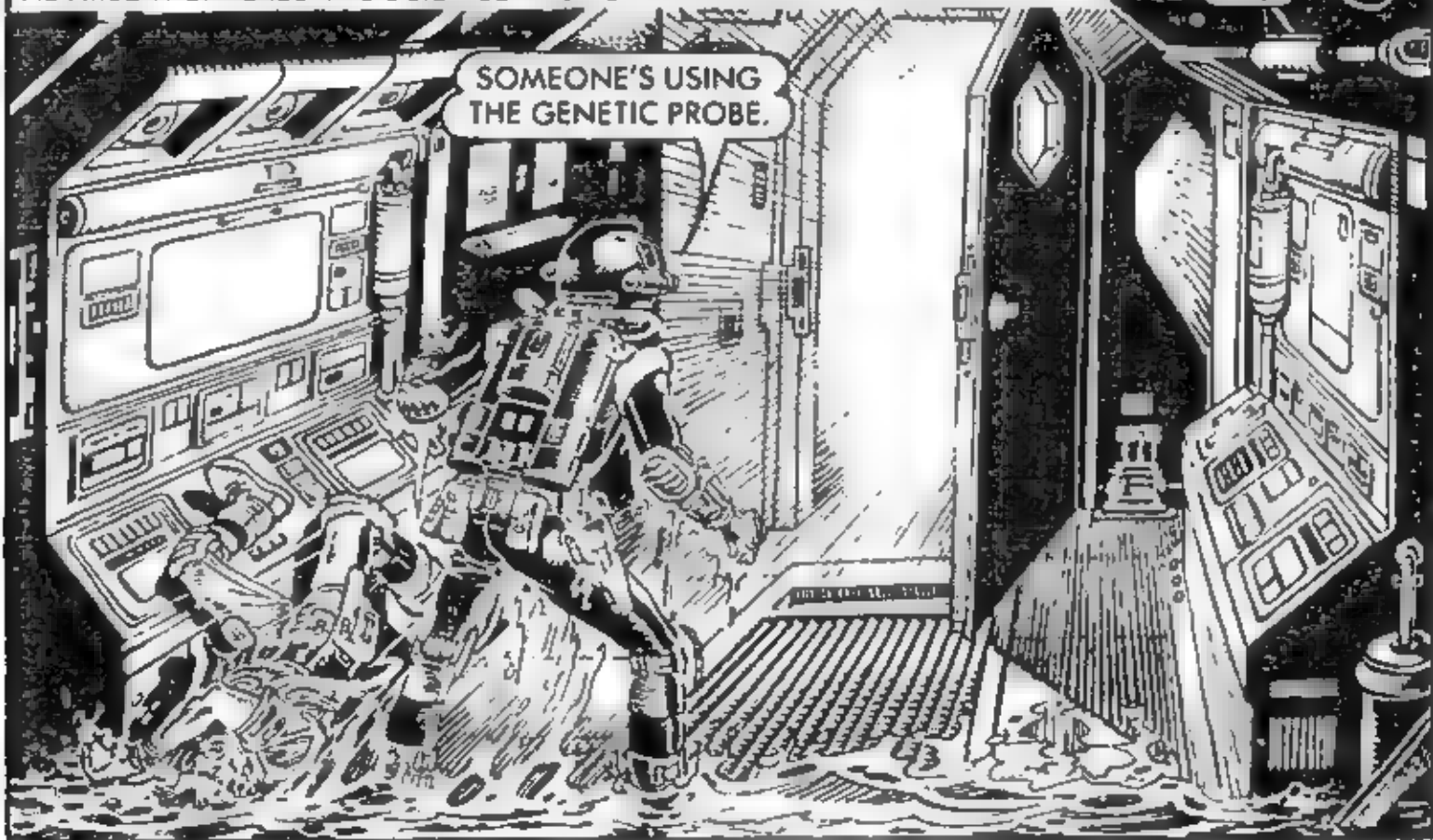
ARLOW ENTERED THROUGH AN AIRLOCK THE SUBMARINE'S PUMPS WERE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA



NOT LONG BEFORE SHE'S FINISHED

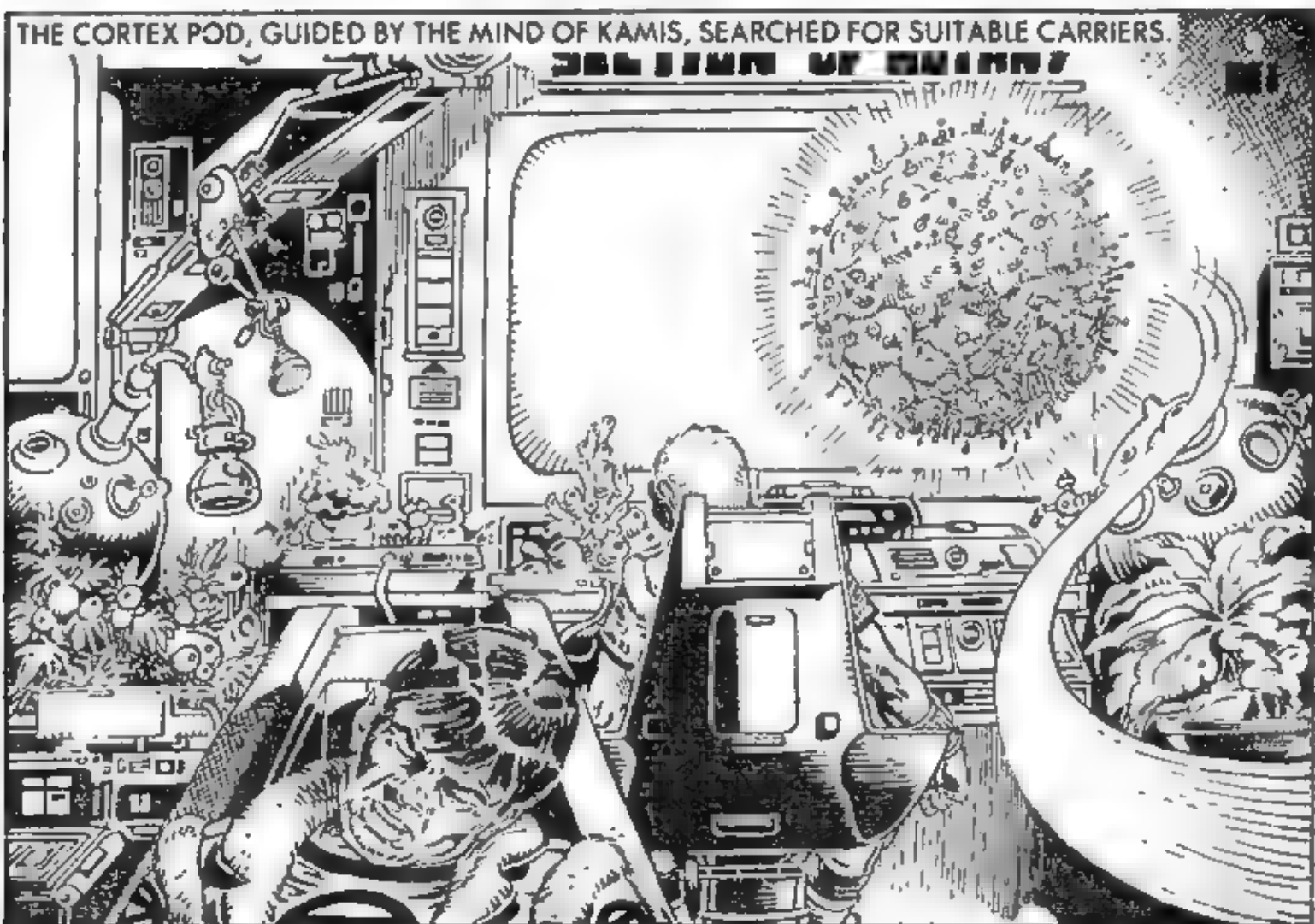
AS ARLOW ENTERED THE SCIENCE SECTION AT THE REAR OF THE CRAFT —

SOMEONE'S USING
THE GENETIC PROBE.



THE CORTEX POD, GUIDED BY THE MIND OF KAMIS, SEARCHED FOR SUITABLE CARRIERS.

SEEKING OUT ANIMALS



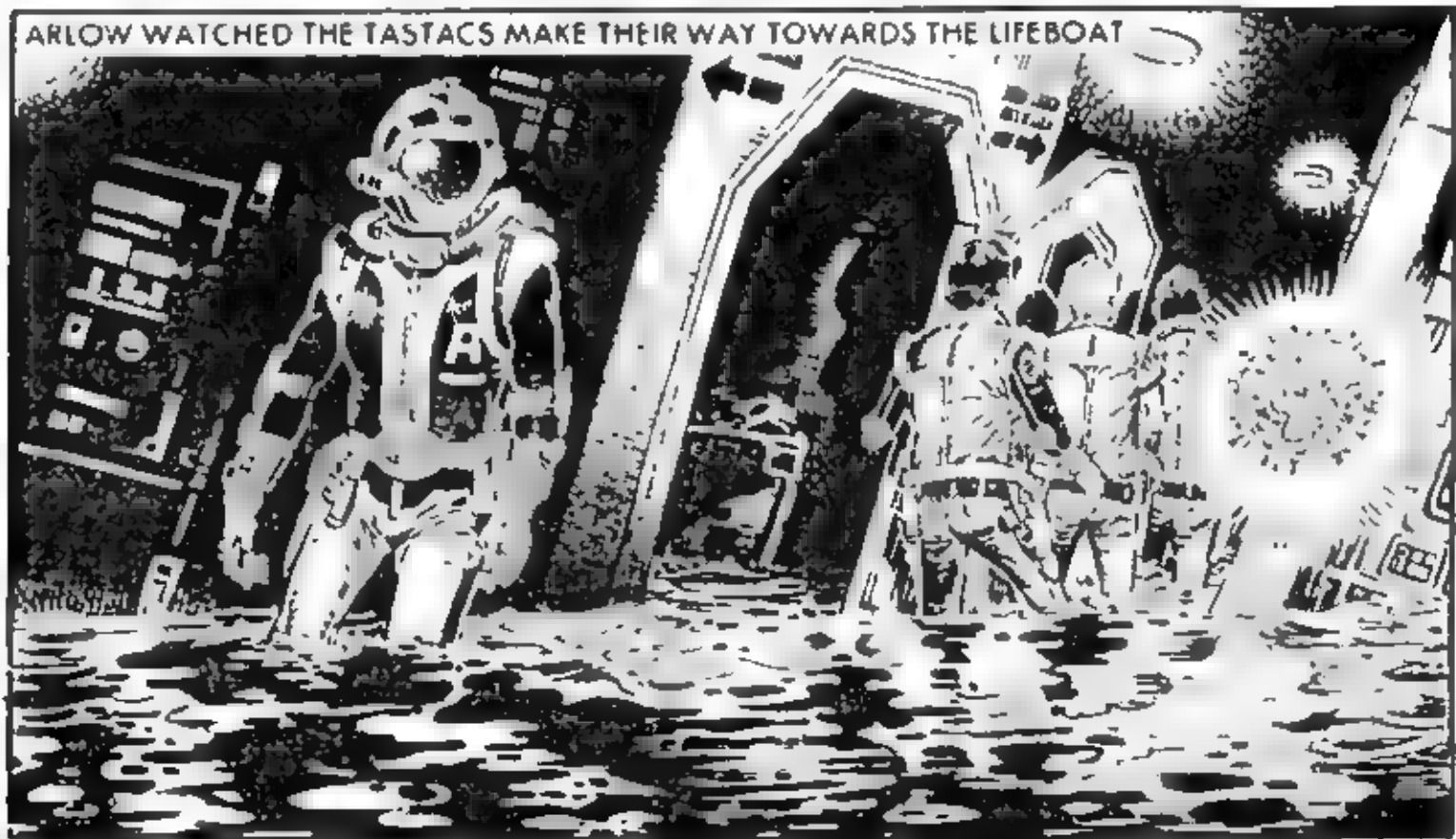
KAM'S DEDUCED THAT THE TERRAN BODIES WERE IDEAL CARRIERS AND ENTERED THE SKIPPER'S CORPSE



KAMIS USED HIS ENERGY TO ACTIVATE OTHER DORMANT PCDS AND ONE BY ONE THEY RE
ACTIVATED THE LIFELESS HUMAN BODIES —



ARLOW WATCHED THE TASTACS MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE LIFEBOAT



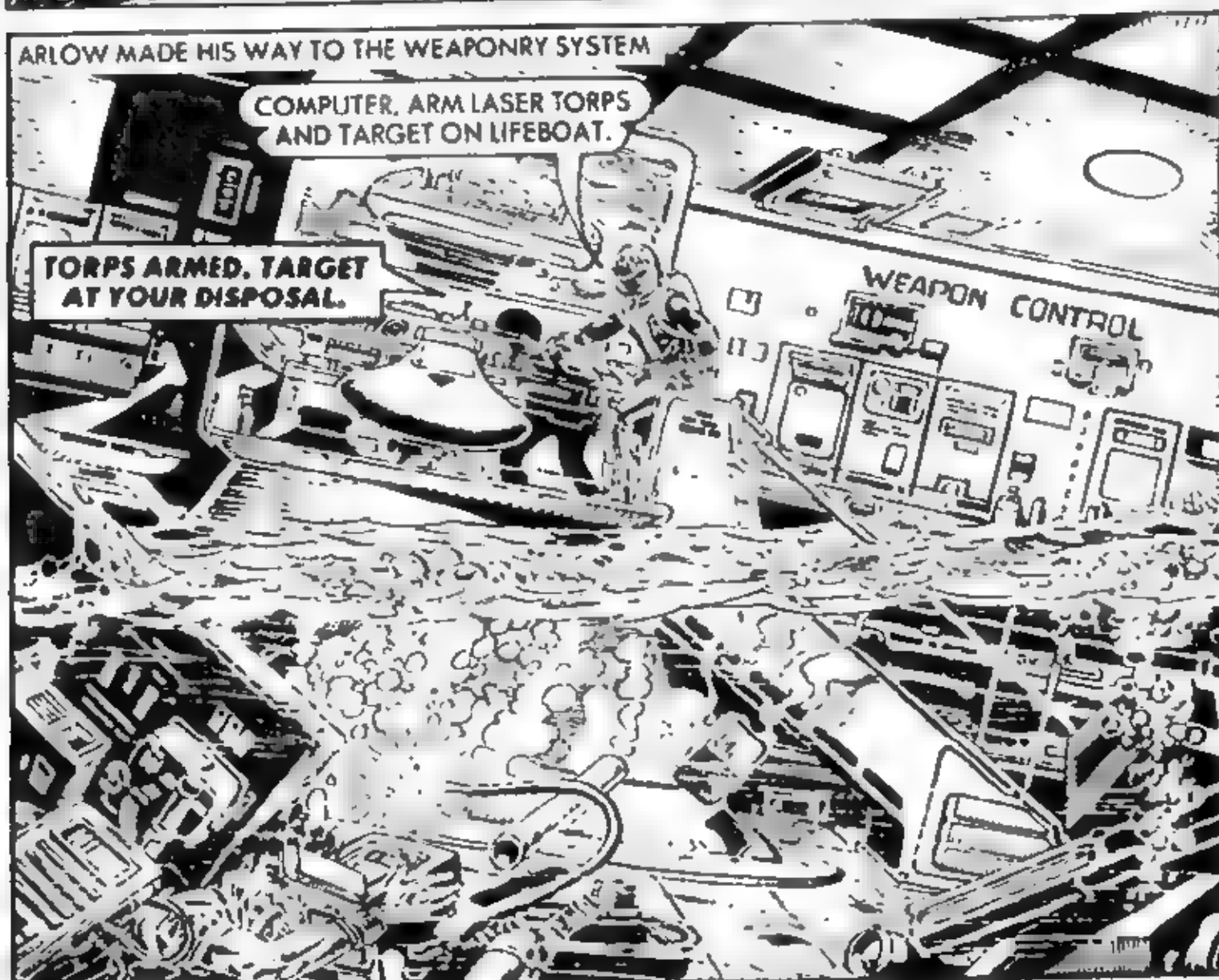
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN WARN OPREL BASE IF
THEY'RE GOING TO BE STOPPED. I'VE GOT TO STOP
THEM HERE.



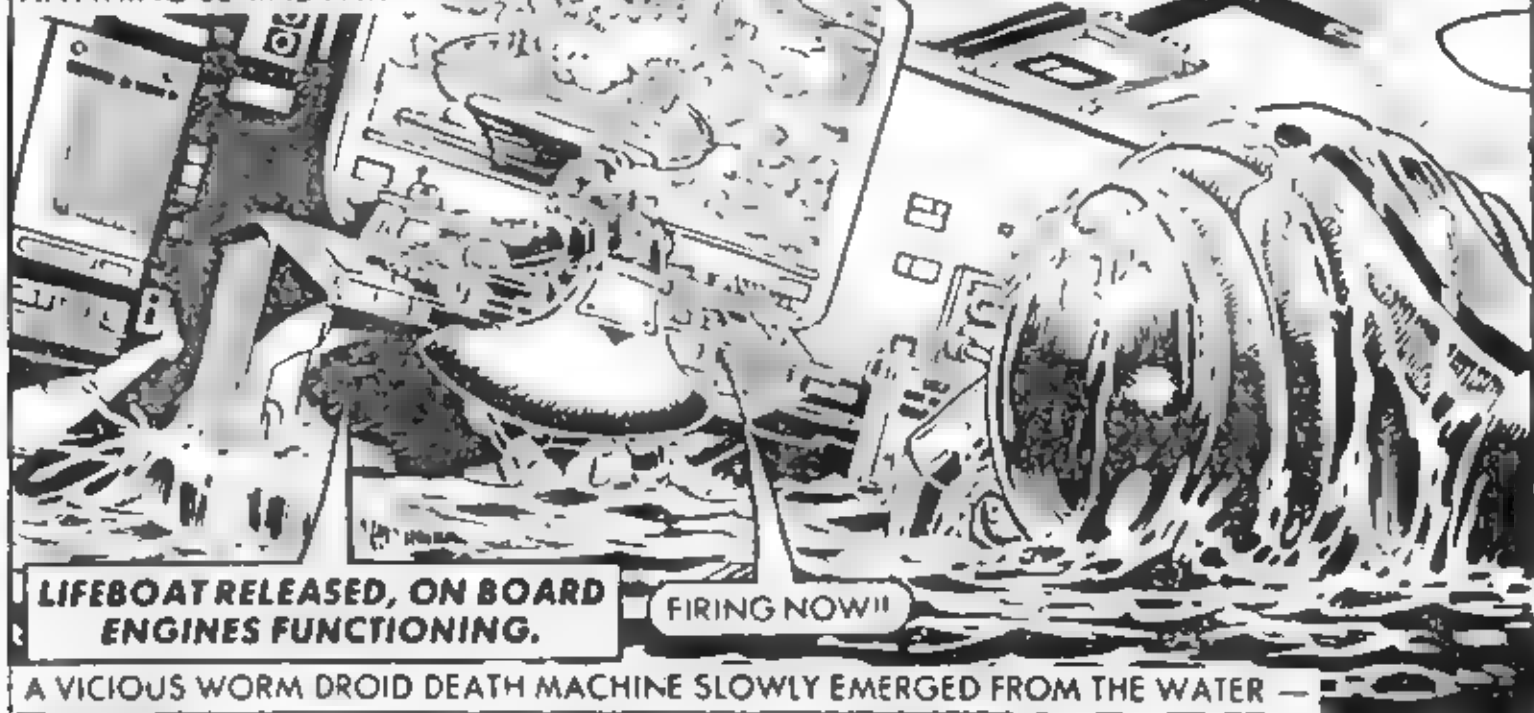
ARLOW MADE HIS WAY TO THE WEAPONRY SYSTEM

COMPUTER. ARM LASER TORPS
AND TARGET ON LIFEBOAT.

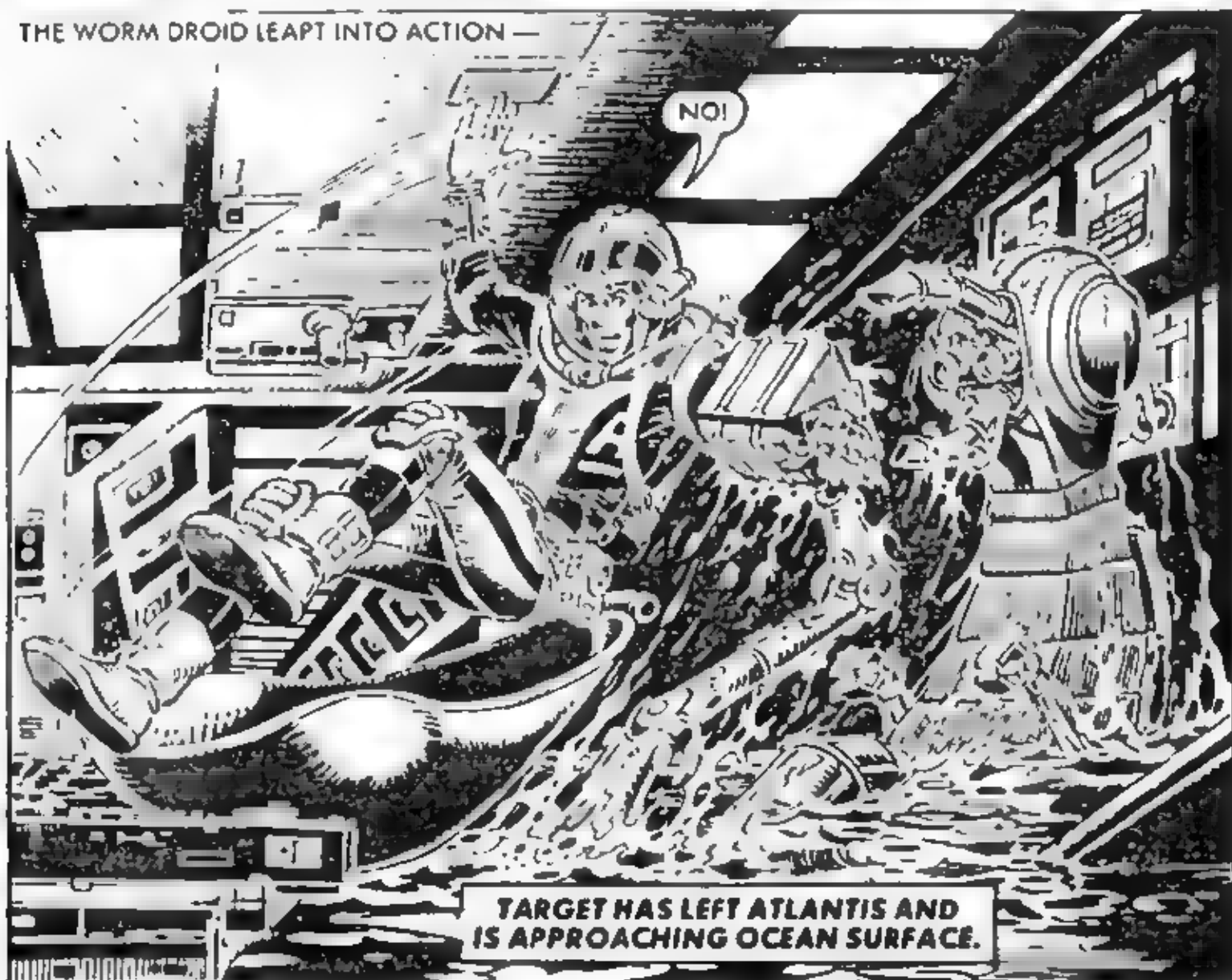
TORPS ARMED. TARGET
AT YOUR DISPOSAL.



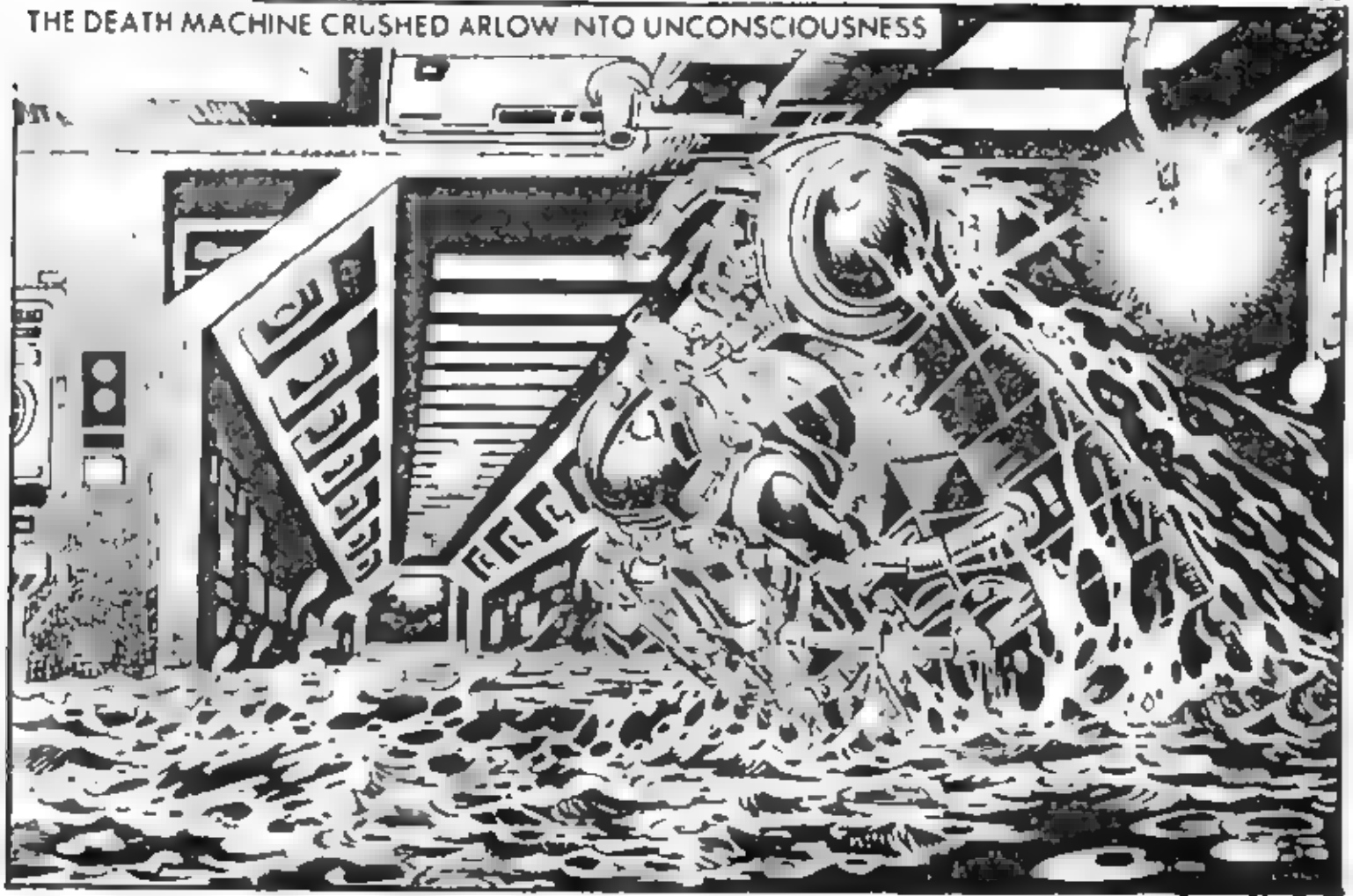
HIS ATTENTION HELD BY THE FIRING MECHANISM, ARLOW DID NOT SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING BEHIND HIM



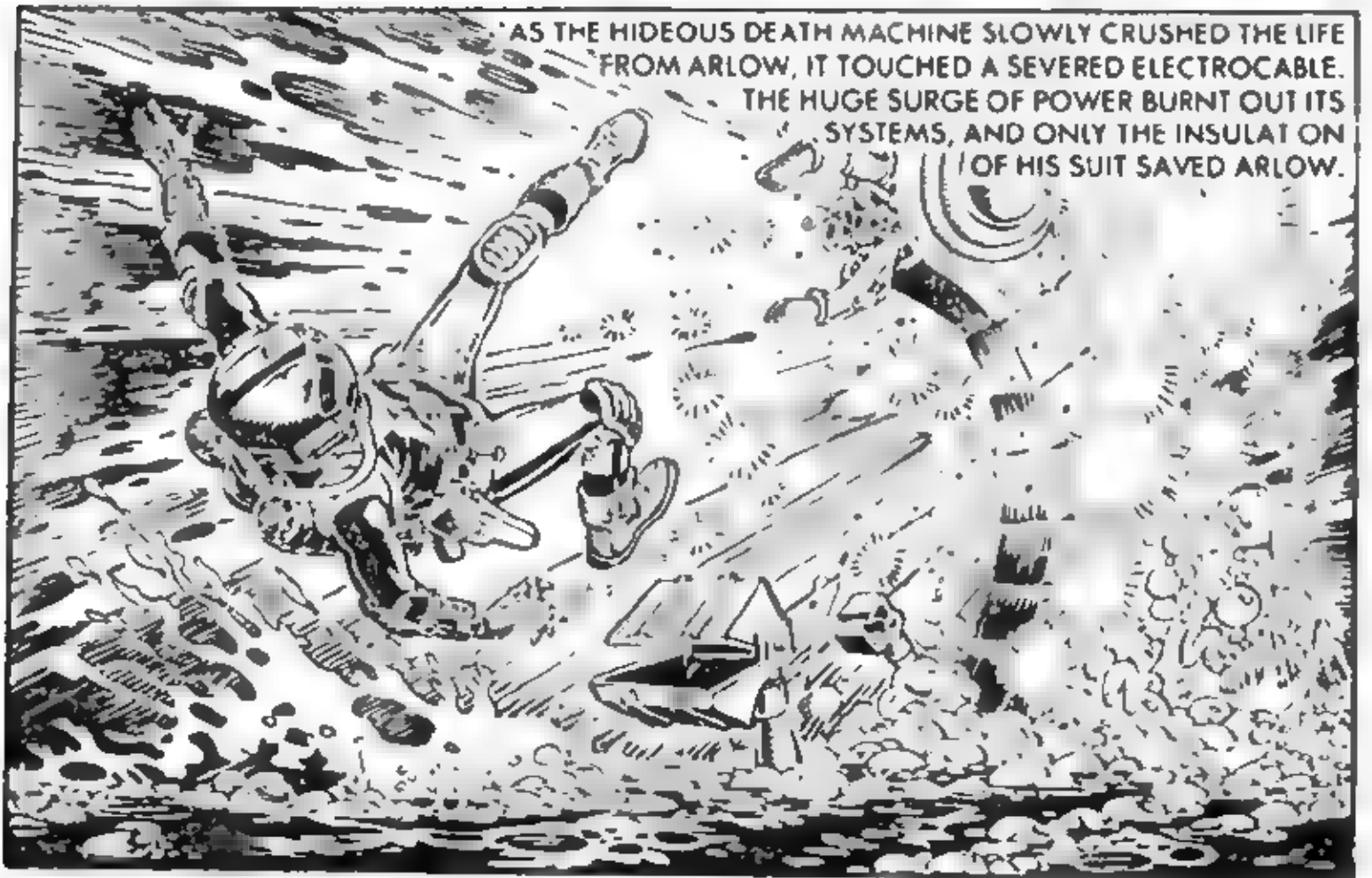
THE WORM DROID LEAPT INTO ACTION —



THE DEATH MACHINE CRUSHED ARLOW INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS



AS THE HIDEOUS DEATH MACHINE SLOWLY CRUSHED THE LIFE FROM ARLOW, IT TOUCHED A SEVERED ELECTROCABLE. THE HUGE SURGE OF POWER BURNT OUT ITS SYSTEMS, AND ONLY THE INSULATION OF HIS SUIT SAVED ARLOW.



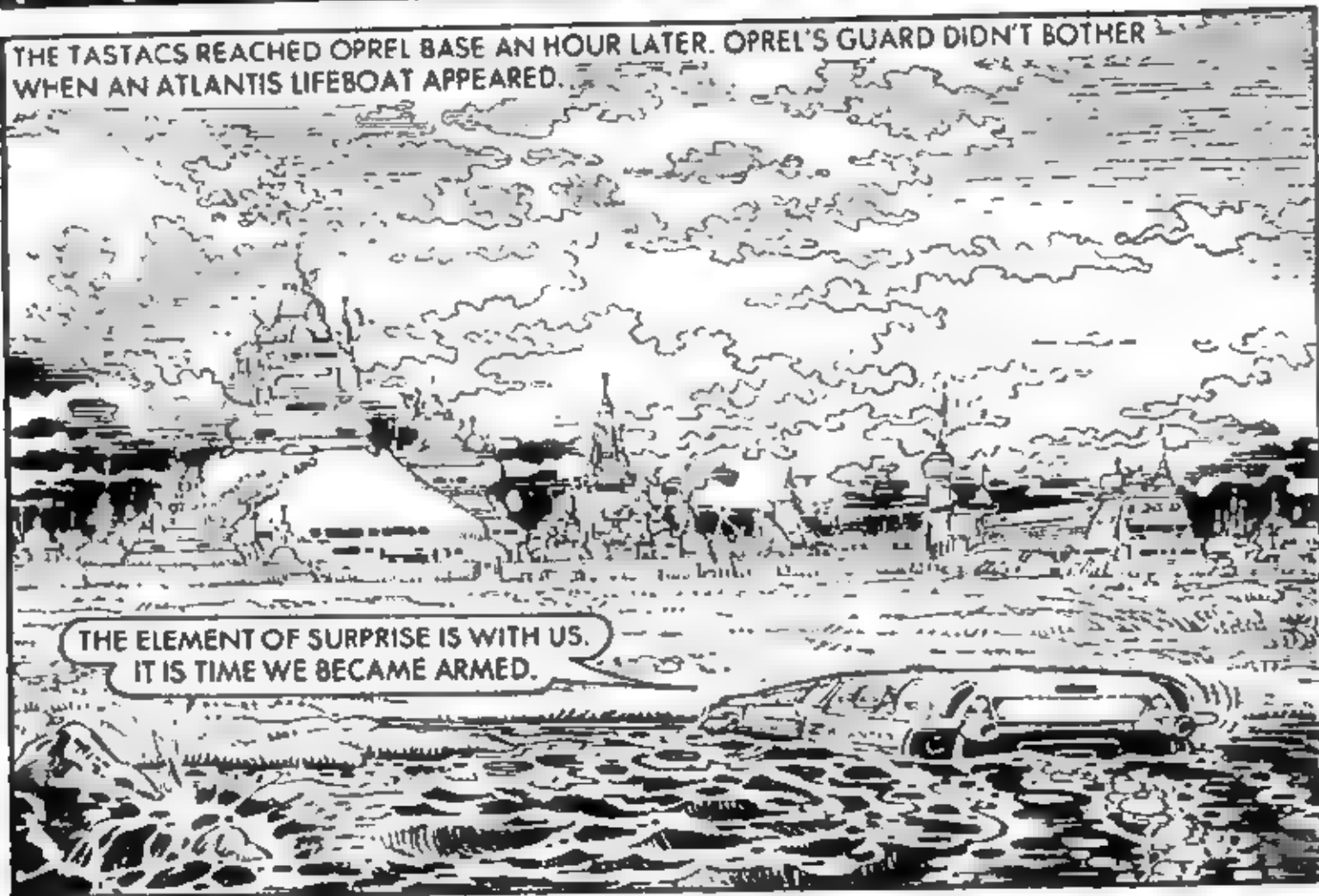
AN AUTOMATIC AIR JACKET INFLATED, KEEPING ARLOW ABOVE WATER

TARGET HAS LEFT TORP RANGE.
TORPEDOES RECALLED.



THE TASTACS REACHED OPREL BASE AN HOUR LATER. OPREL'S GUARD DIDN'T BOTHER
WHEN AN ATLANTIS LIFEBOAT APPEARED.

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS WITH US.
IT IS TIME WE BECAME ARMED.



INSIDE THE LIFEBOAT —

WE WILL TEAR THEIR
DEFENCES APART



WHEN GUARDSHIPS EVENTUALLY ARRIVED —



WAIT UNTIL THEY
ARE CLOSE

ONE OF THE STRANGE PROPERTIES OF THE TASTAC WAS THEIR ABILITY TO MAGNIFY THE ENERGY FROM LASER WEAPONS —



THE TASTAC'S ABILITY TO INCREASE THE POWER OF TERRAN WEAPONS ANNIHILATED THE OPPOSITION —

WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE
AGAINST THOSE ZOMBIES



I PUT A CANNON BLAST RIGHT
THROUGH IT, AND IT'S STILL
COMING!



THE TROOPS STOOD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE TASTAC ONSLAUGHT

WE SHALL SOON KILL
ALL YOUR KIND



CONQUEST OF OPREL BASE WAS SOON COMPLETE, BUT THE BATTLE WAS FAR FROM OVER

YOUR SPACEFLEETS WILL ATTACK SOON,
GOVERNOR. YOU WILL PROVIDE ME WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR RACE'S BATTLE
TECHNOLOGY

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING. YOU NEED CODES
TO USE OUR COMPUTER, AND THOSE I WILL
KEEP TO MY DEATH



SO BE IT! YOUR DEATH MERELY
RELEASES YOUR MIND INTO OUR
POSSESSION.



NOW THAT I HAVE HIS INFORMATION I
SHALL STUDY THE COMPUTER'S CONTENTS.
YOU WILL RETURN TO OUR MAINSHIP AND
REPAIR IT. THE WEAPONRY ABOARD WILL
SOON BECOME NECESSARY.

IMMEDIATELY, KAMIS.



KAMIS' SEARCH WAS NOT IN VAIN. THE COMPUTER SOON REVEALED EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL WEAPON.

**NAME: WARWHEEL. ARMAMENT:
AMATON MISSILES — TEN IN EXISTENCE.
DESTRUCTIVE CAPABILITIES: UNLIMITED.
DISTANCE: UNLIMITED. ONE ASSIGNED TO
PLANET OPREL ...**

HAH! I HAVE ONE OF THEIR MOST POWERFUL STATIONS AT MY DISPOSAL! THEY DID NOT EXPECT THAT AN ATTACK ON OPREL WOULD COME FROM WITHIN. COMPUTER, GIVE ME THE COMMAND PATTERNS FOR THE WARWHEEL.

BUILT TO HOLD OFF GALACTIC ATTACK, THE WARWHEEL REACTED TO ORDERS WITHIN SECONDS.

WARWHEEL, CHANGE YOUR TRAJECTORY TO 577 HOCYCLES AND PRIME MISSILES ONE TO THREE. STATE TARGET.

TRAJECTORY IN LINE. MISSILES PRIMED AND READY. TARGET — INHABITED PLANET EARTH. — AWAITING ORDERS. —

INSTEAD OF BUILDING DEFENCES ON PLANETS, THE FEDERATION USED THE LETHAL WARWHEELS TO MONITOR WHOLE SYSTEMS —

THE ION-POWERED MISSILES STREAKED AWAY

FIRE!

MISSILES ONE TO THREE
RELEASED AT MAXIMUM THRUST

EARTH'S NEAREST BATTLE FLEET HAD BEEN SENT TO DEFEND OPREL BASE

EARTHSIDE TO NOVA ONE, YOUR MISSION IS VOID.
OPREL HAS BEEN TAKEN BY UNKNOWN ENEMY.
ENEMY HAS LAUNCHED THREE WARWHEEL
MISSILES, TARGET EARTH. YOU MUST
RENDEZVOUS WITH MISSILES AND ELIMINATE

COMMANDING THE FLEET WAS GENERAL SCOTT, A SPECIALLY
DESIGNED AND PROGRAMMED CLONE, BRED SPECIFICALLY FOR
MILITARY PURPOSES, KNOWN AS A GENETIC GENERAL —

OUR CHANCES OF FINDING THEM IN TIME
ARE NOT GOOD, IF WE FAIL THE EARTH
WILL BE DESTROYED NOVA ONE TO TWO
AND THREE, SEPARATE TO QUARTER OF
A LIGHT YEAR'S DISTANCE. OUR
CHANCES WILL BE INCREASED IF WE
SCAN TOGETHER.

SEARCHING FOR THE TELL-TAKE ION TRACES, IT WAS NOVA TWO THAT PICKED UP A FAINT TRACE.

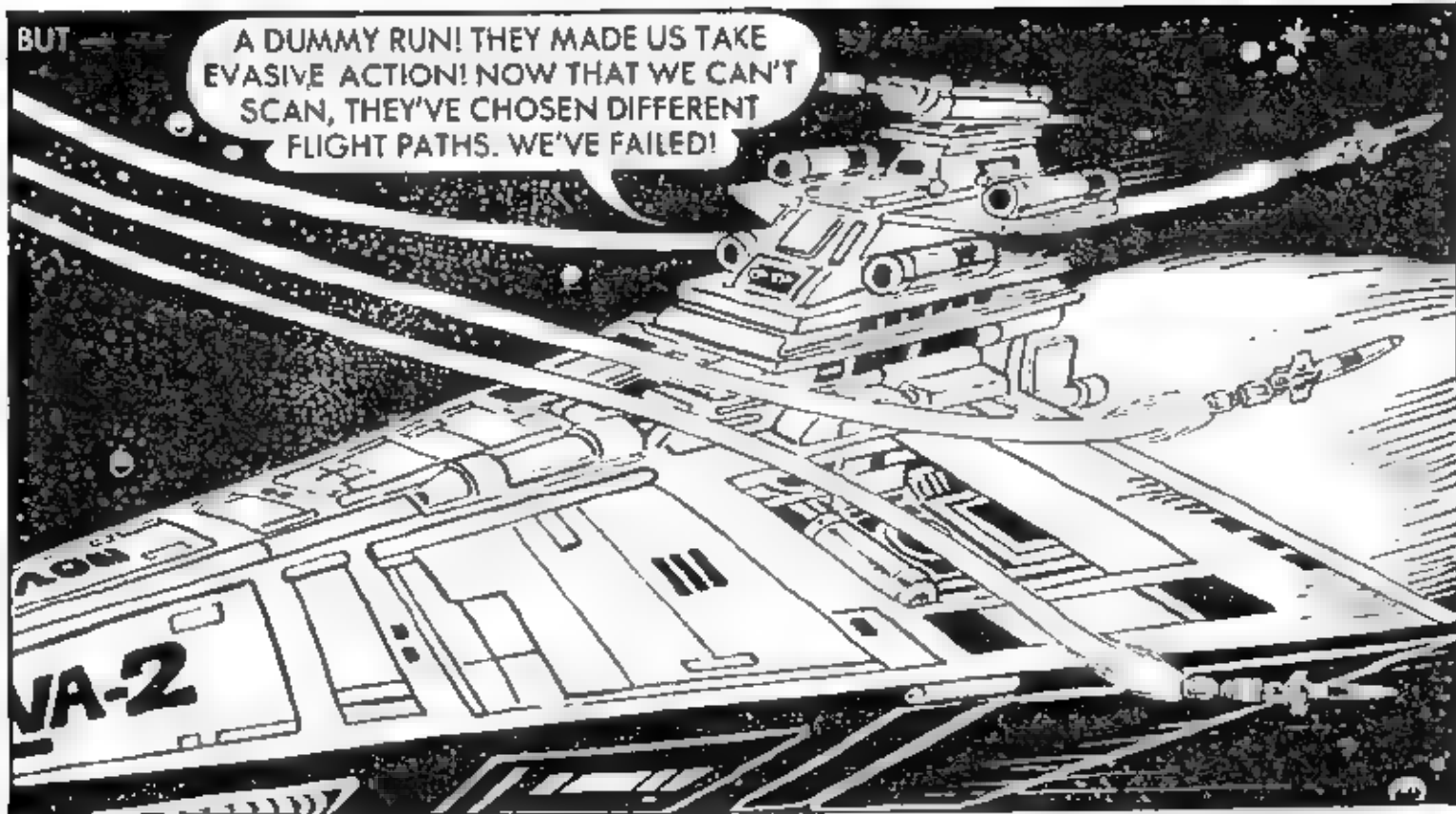
NOVA TWO HERE — CONTACT
ESTABLISHED IN HOCYCLE 5.77.
ALL LASERS FIRE!!

THE THREE MISSILES TURNED TOWARDS NOVA TWO —

THEY'RE ON COLLISION
COURSE WITH US!

BUT

A DUMMY RUN! THEY MADE US TAKE
EVASIVE ACTION! NOW THAT WE CAN'T
SCAN, THEY'VE CHOSEN DIFFERENT
FLIGHT PATHS. WE'VE FAILED!



GENETIC GENERAL SCOTT CONTACTED TWO OF THE NOVA PILOTS — ALSO GENETIC
GENERALS

WE HAVE TWO HOURS BEFORE THE
MISSILES HIT EARTH. THE EXPLOSION WILL
BE LIKE THE ERUPTION OF A SMALL SUN.

IF WE COULD GET INTO THE BASE WE
COULD USE THE WARWHEEL'S SELF
DESTRUCT SEQUENCE...

MORREL

PYT

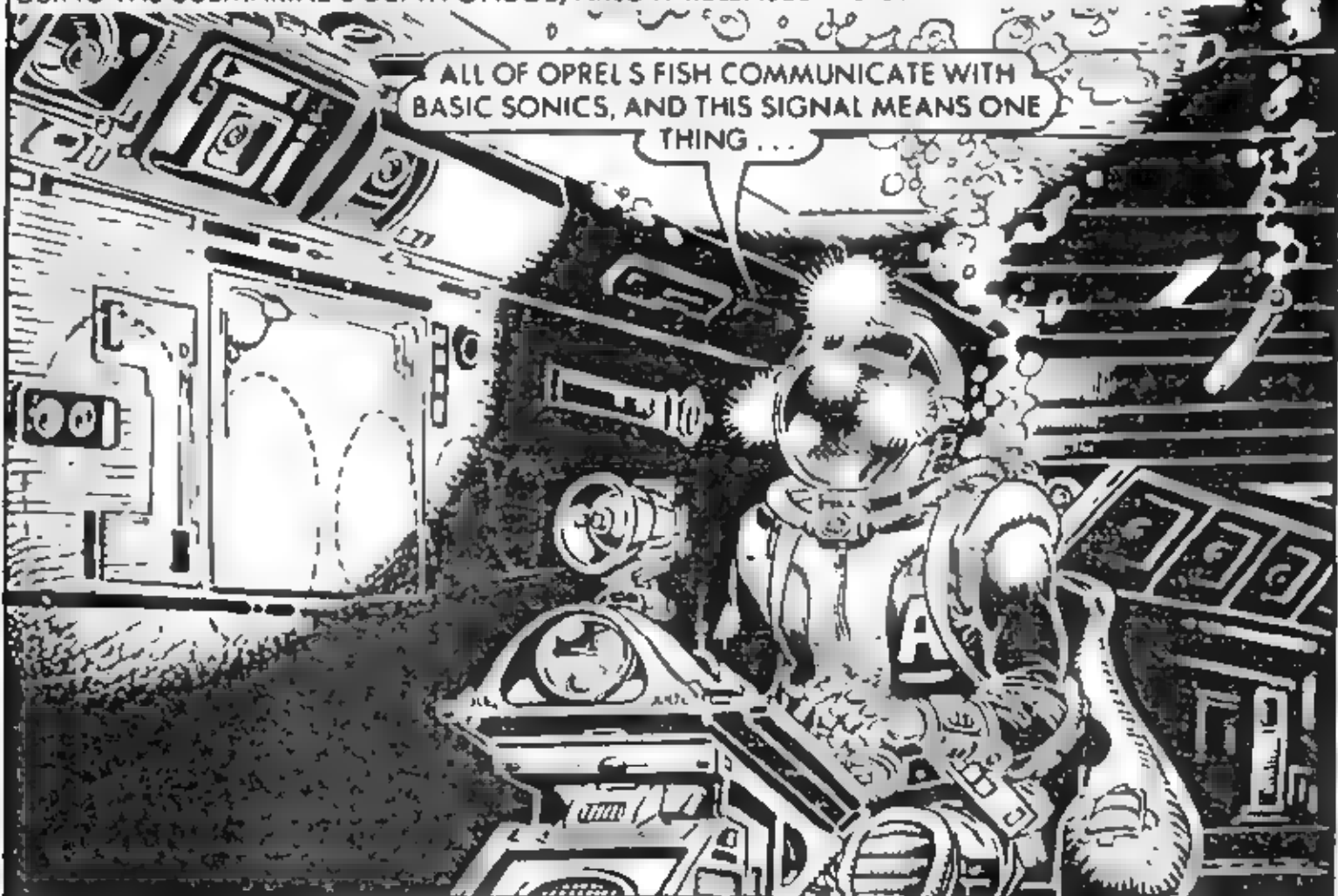
THAT'S OUR ONLY ALTERNATIVE.
WE HAVE TO RETAKE OPREL BASE.



BACK ON OPREL, THE TASTACS HAD RETURNED TO REPAIR THEIR MAINSHIP WITH CAPTURED MACHINERY, BUT NOT FAR AWAY ON THE DOOMED ATLANTIS



USING THE SUBMARINE'S DEPTH GAUGE, ARLOW RELEASED A SIGNAL INTO THE WATER...

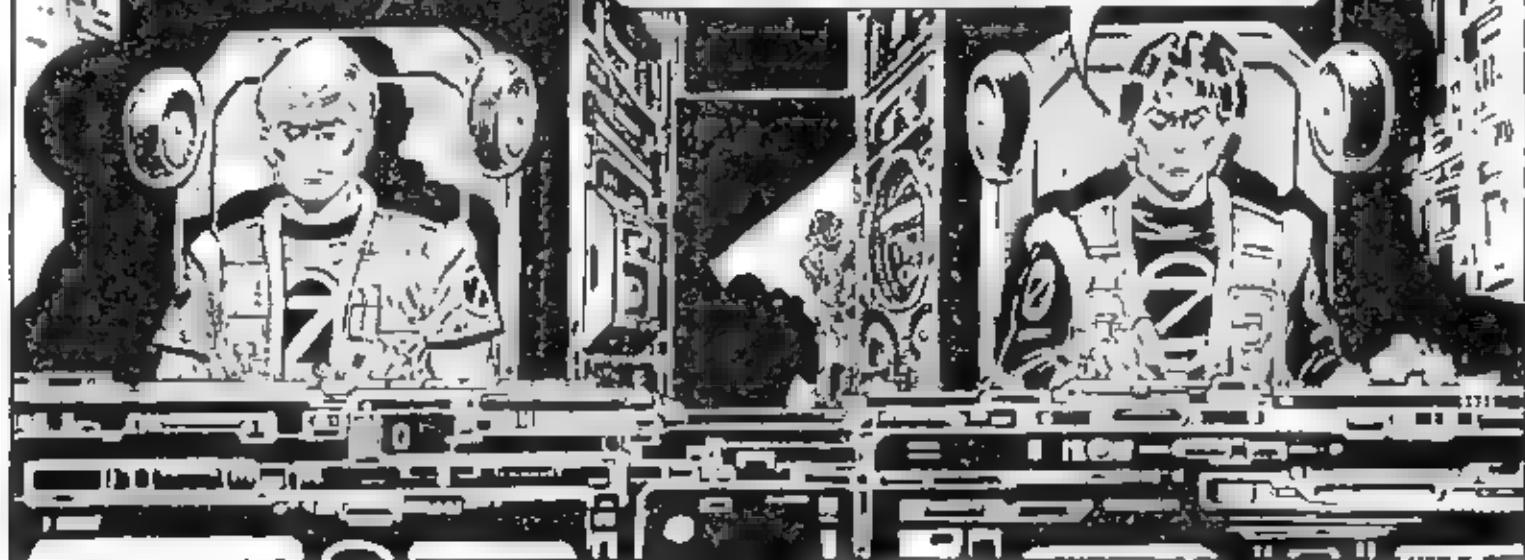




ARLOW FOUND A SUITABLE HIDING PLACE —

WE WILL REQUIRE FULL POWER TO PULL US FREE OF THE
SEA FLOOR. OUR ENGINES ARE BURIED DEEP.

I AM OPENING ENGINES NOW ...
ATMOSPHERE PRESSURISED ... FULL POWER



KAMIS TO MAINSHIP! RETURN TO
OPREL BASE IMMEDIATELY AN EARTH
BATTLE FLEET IS PREPARING TO
ATTACK.

RETURNING AT MAXIMUM SPEED.



HIGH ABOVE OPREL, THE THREE NOVA CRUISERS BEGAN THEIR PRIMARY ATTACK

RELEASE FIGHTER SQUADRONS

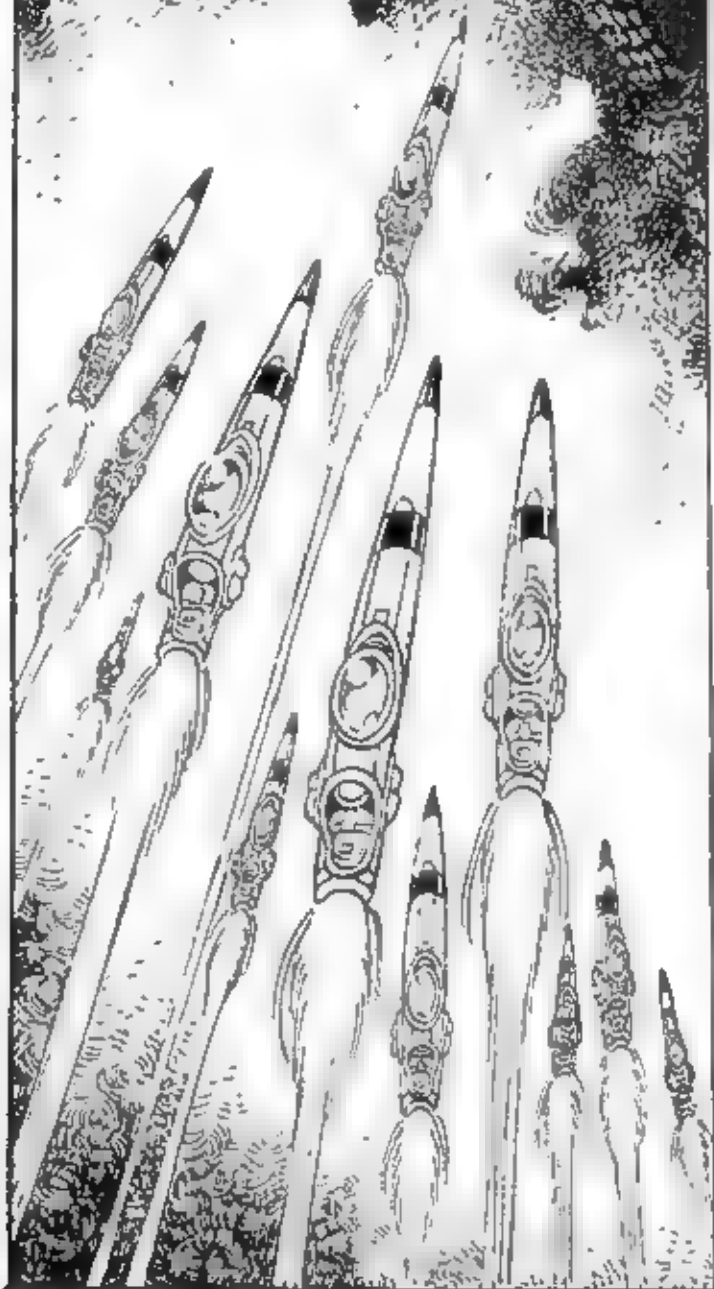
FIGHTER SQUADRONS, RELEASE!

NOVA FIGHTERS CARRIED MANY ROBOFIGHTERS, MANNED BY BIOMPILOTS WHICH WERE PILOTS' SKILLS IMPRINTED ON A COMPUTER —

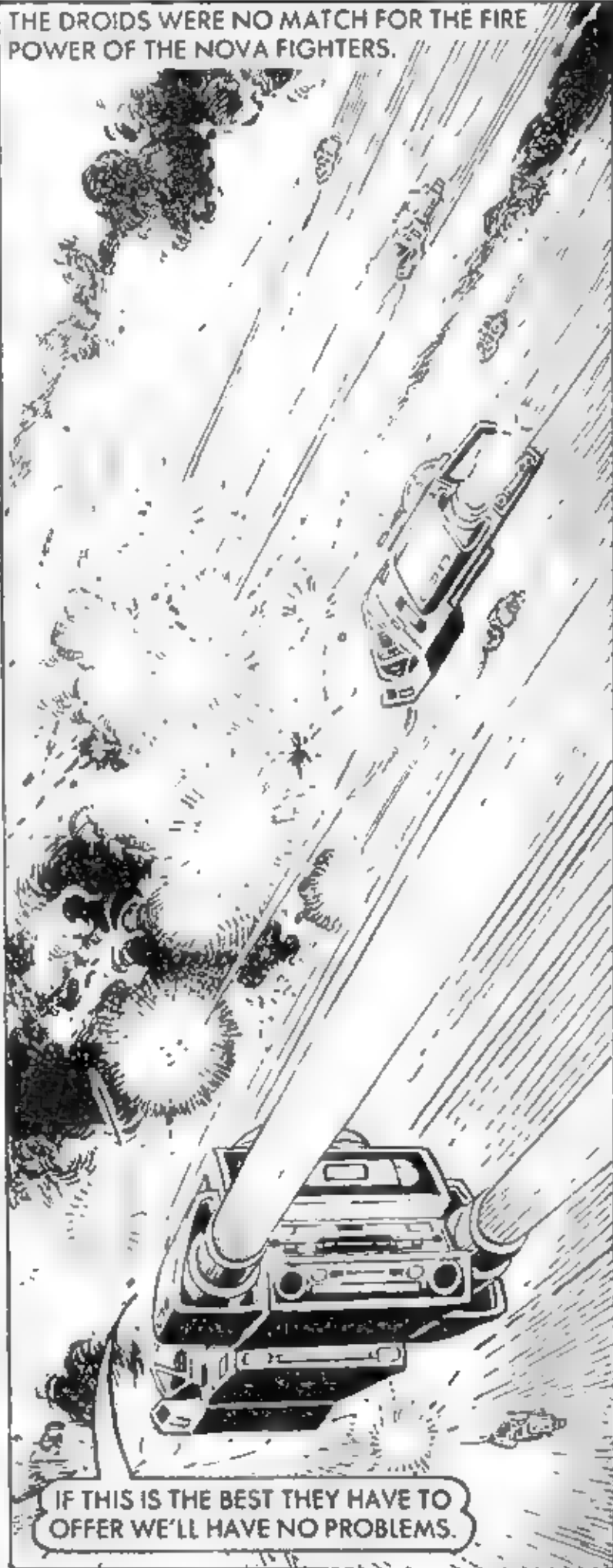
YOUR TARGETS ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF OPREL BASE. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO FIRE ON THE CENTRAL CONTROL

A FLOCK OF TASTAC CONTROLLED
KAMIDROIDS HOMED IN ON THE
FIGHTERS.

BREAK FORMATION AND FIRE
AT WILL. AUTO-FIRE COMMENCE



THE DROIDS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE FIRE
POWER OF THE NOVA FIGHTERS.



IF THIS IS THE BEST THEY HAVE TO
OFFER WE'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF OPREL BASE

THE KAM'DROIDS SERVED MY
PURPOSE OF DELAYING AND
DISTRACTING THE ENEMY FIGHTERS.
IT IS TIME TO LAUNCH OUR OWN
FIGHTERS.

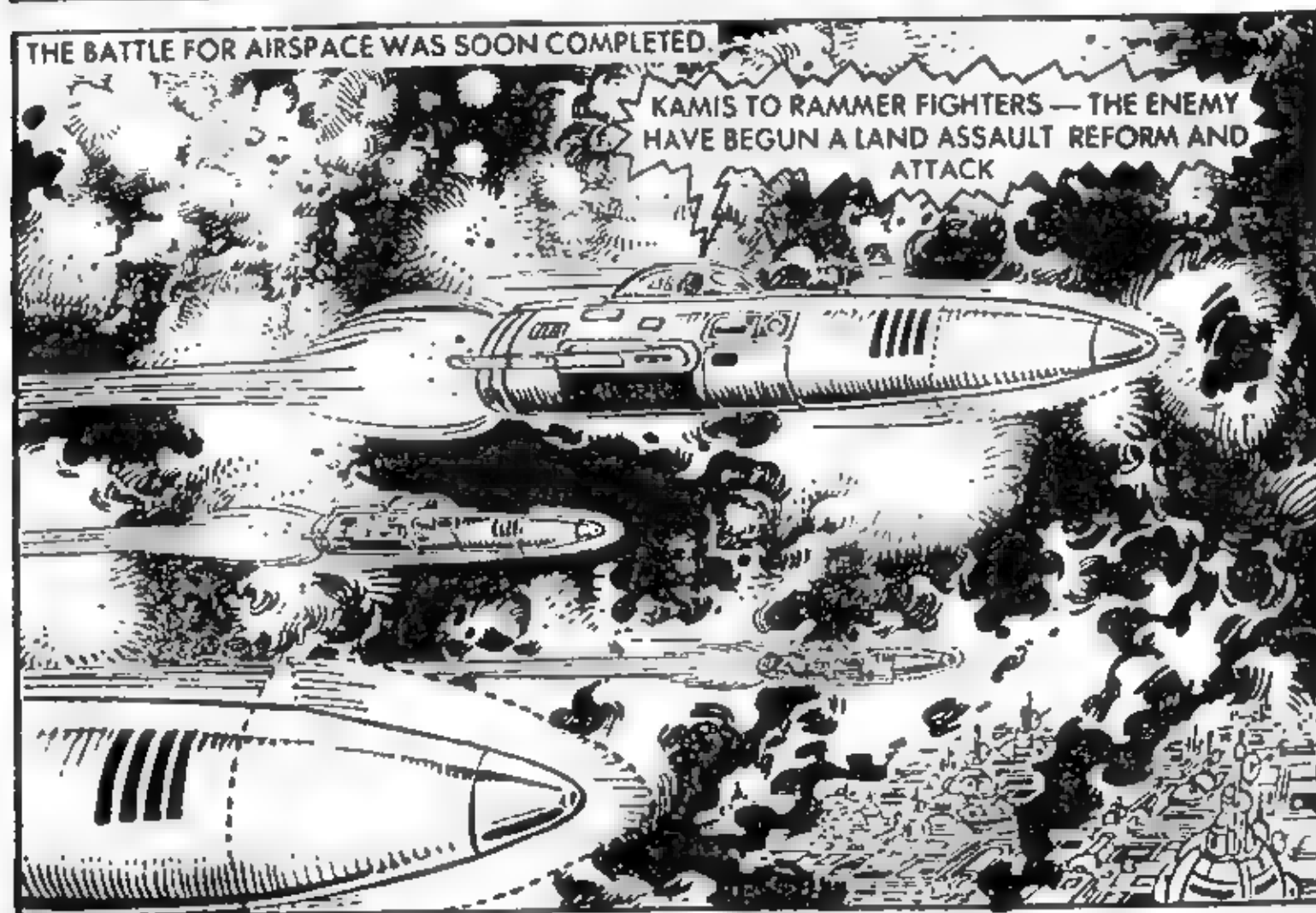
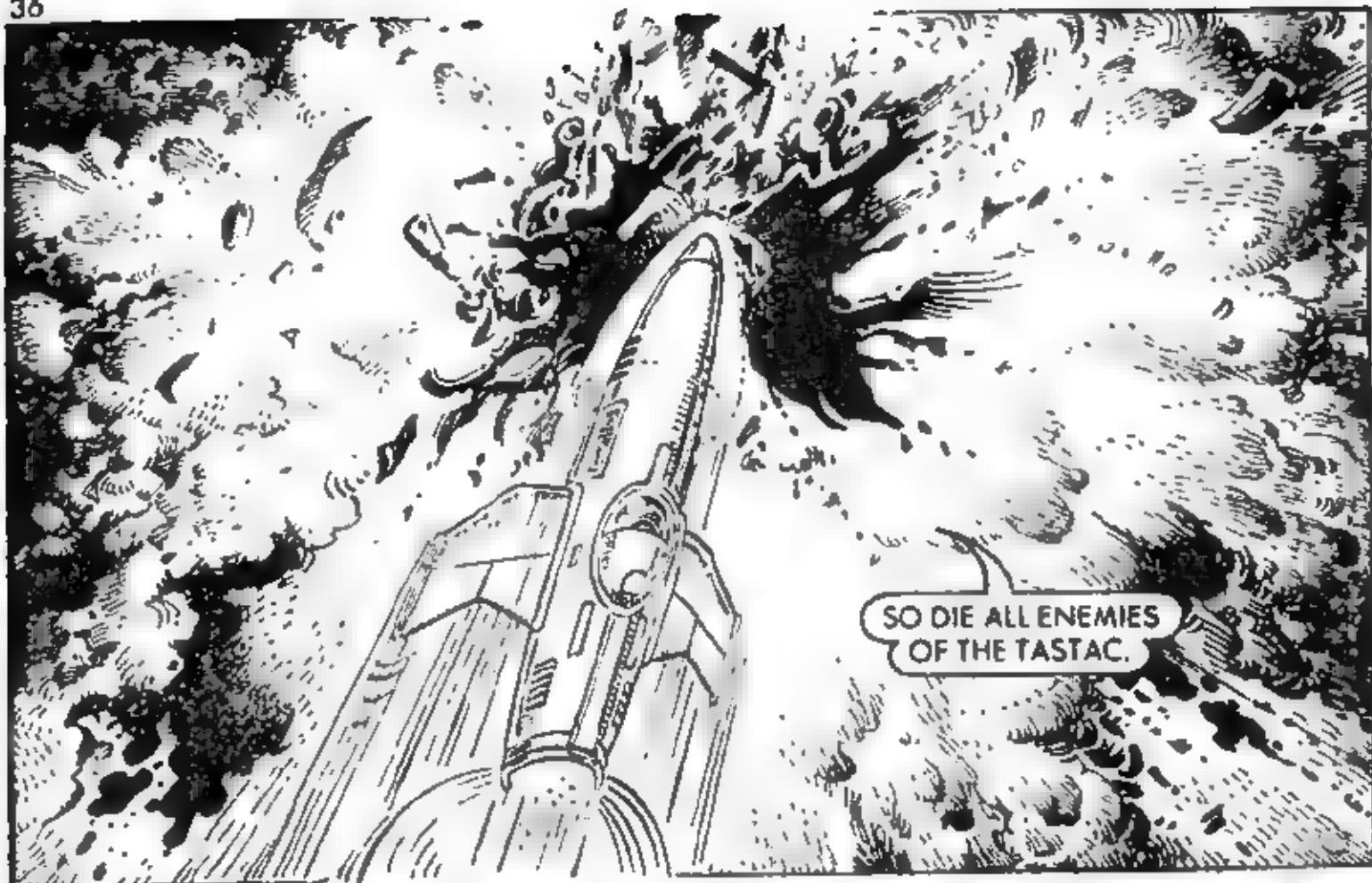
AS YOU WISH

A SQUADRON OF TASTAC RAMMER CRAFT
BURST FROM THE RETURNED MAINSHIP

LET NONE ESCAPE
YOUR POWER

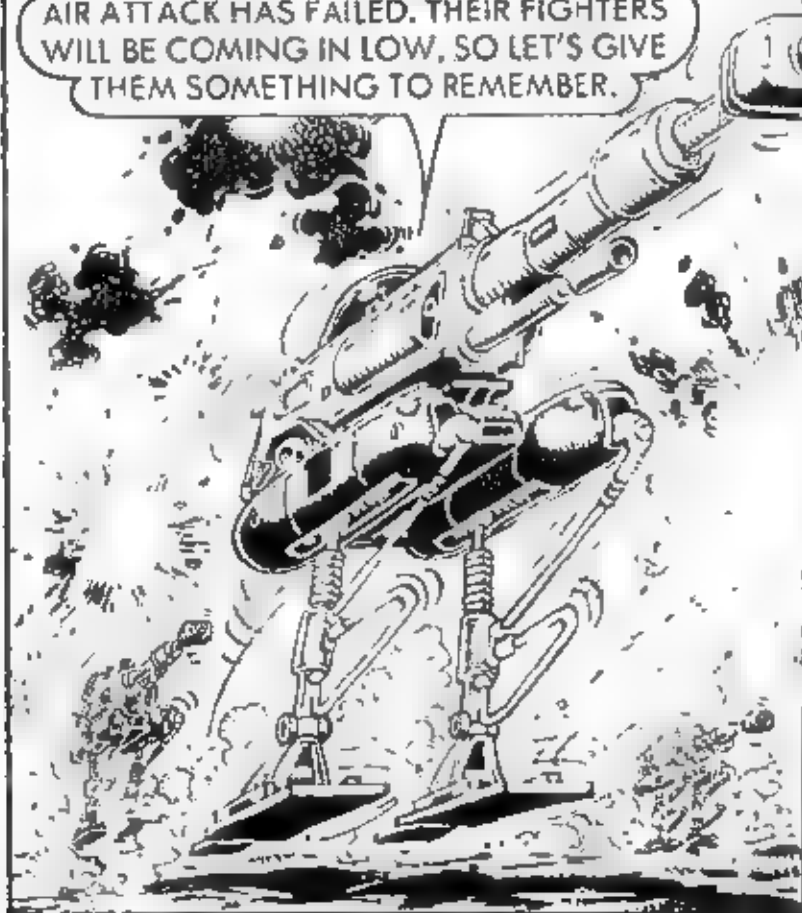
THE TASTAC RAMMER CRAFT WERE TOO POWERFUL FOR THE ROBOFIGHTERS —

YOUR LASERS ARE USELESS
AGAINST TASTAC ARMOUR.



THE LAND ATTACK CAME IN THE FORM OF ROO-TANKS, WHICH LEAPT ERRATICALLY TOWARDS THEIR TARGETS.

AIR ATTACK HAS FAILED. THEIR FIGHTERS WILL BE COMING IN LOW, SO LET'S GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.



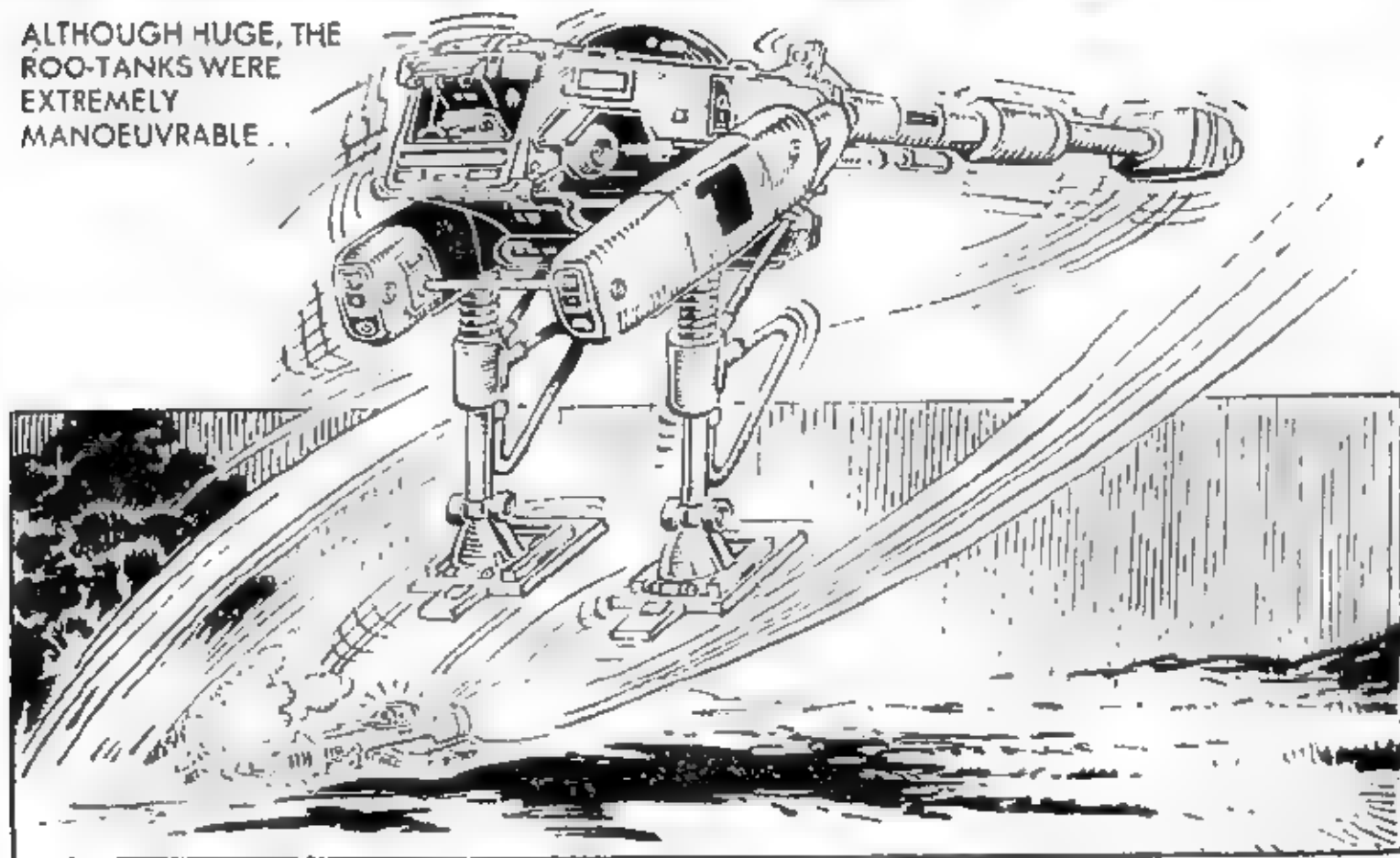
SHORTLY

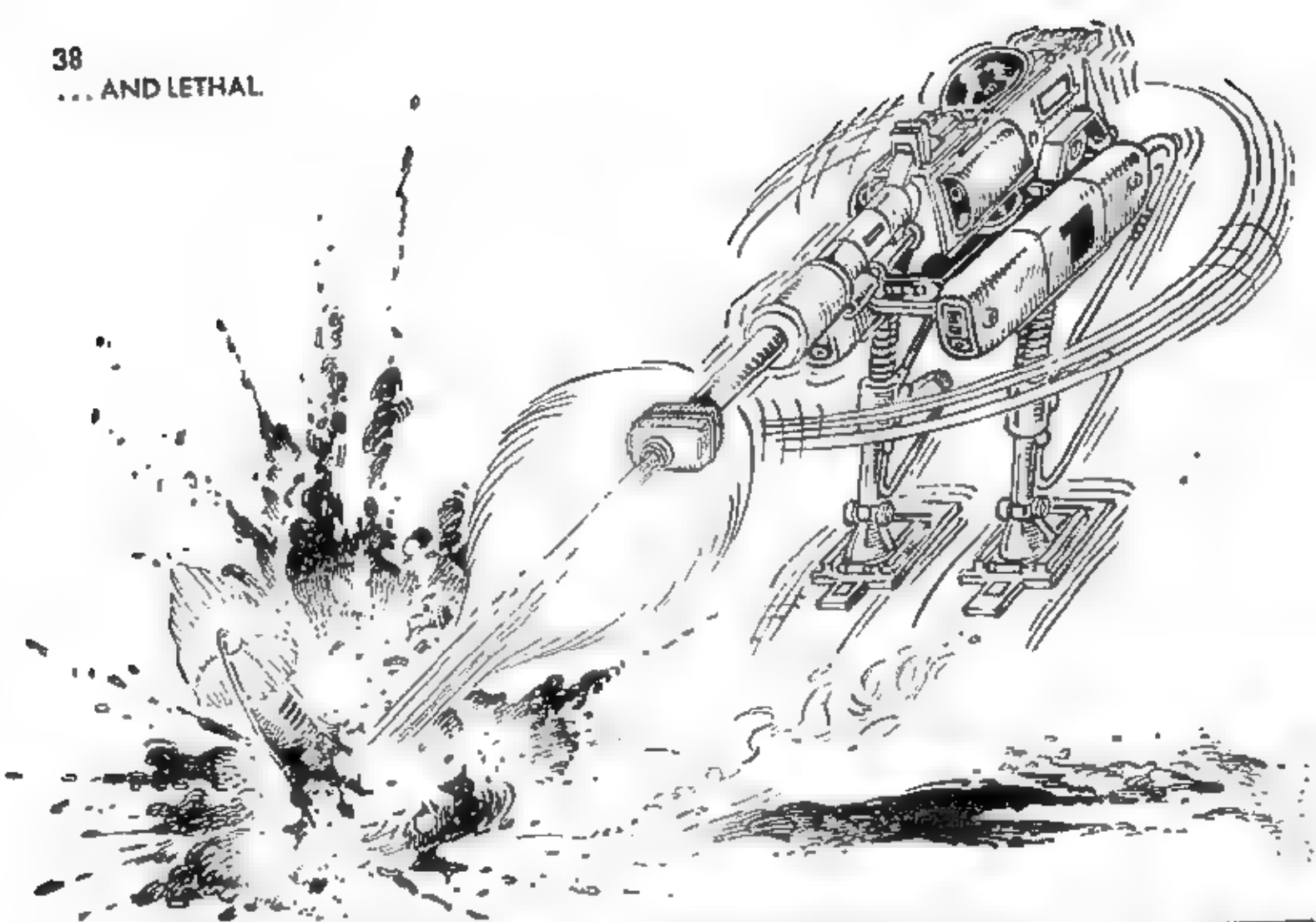
SELECT YOUR TARGETS!

HERE THEY COME, BOYS!



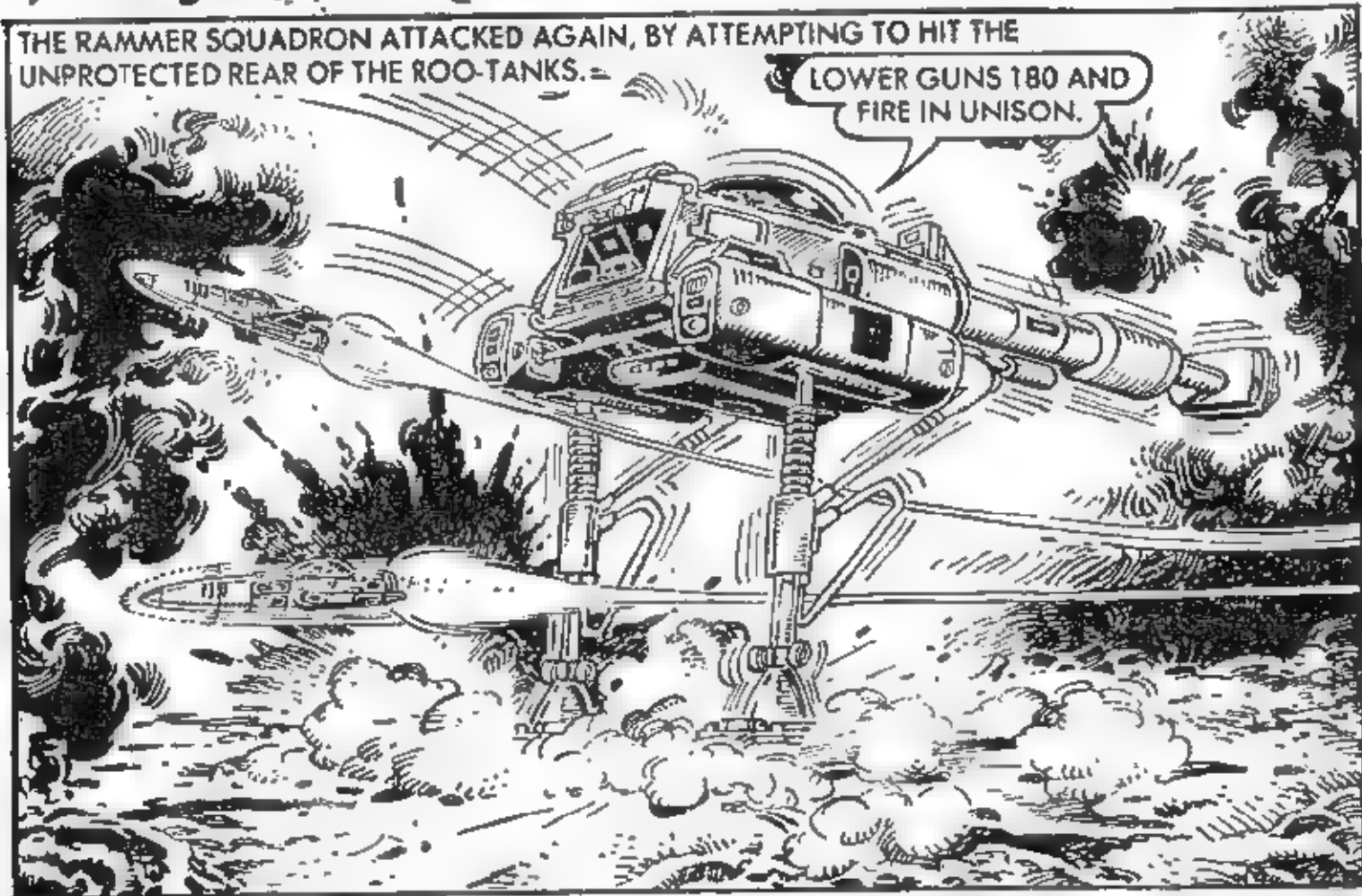
ALTHOUGH HUGE, THE ROO-TANKS WERE EXTREMELY MANOEUVRABLE...





THE RAMMER SQUADRON ATTACKED AGAIN, BY ATTEMPTING TO HIT THE UNPROTECTED REAR OF THE ROO-TANKS.

LOWER GUNS 180 AND
FIRE IN UNISON.

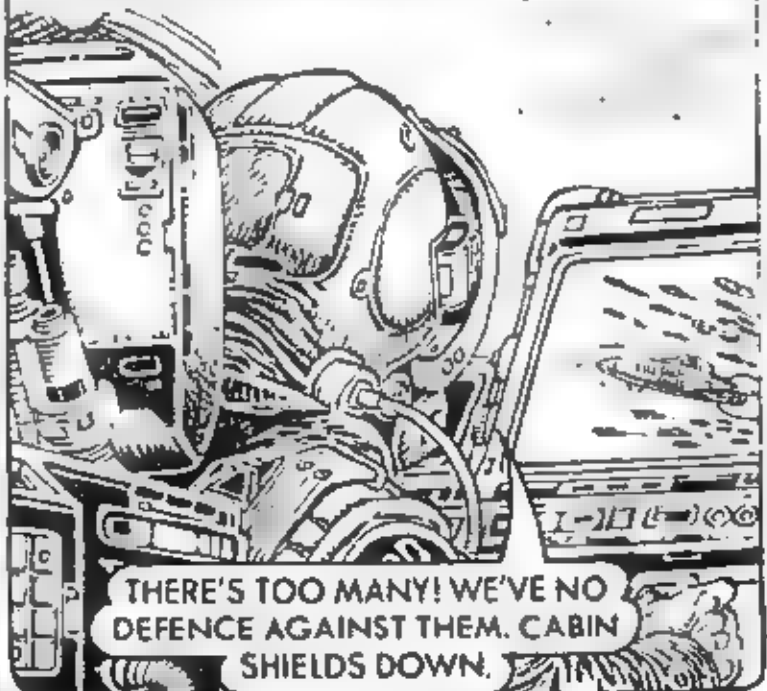


BUT THE ROO-TANKS OUT-THOUGHT THE TASTACS AND THE UNITED FIRE-POWER RIPPED THROUGH THE RAMMERS' ARMOUR



NOW THEIR AIR COVER IS DEPLETED WE CAN MOVE ON.

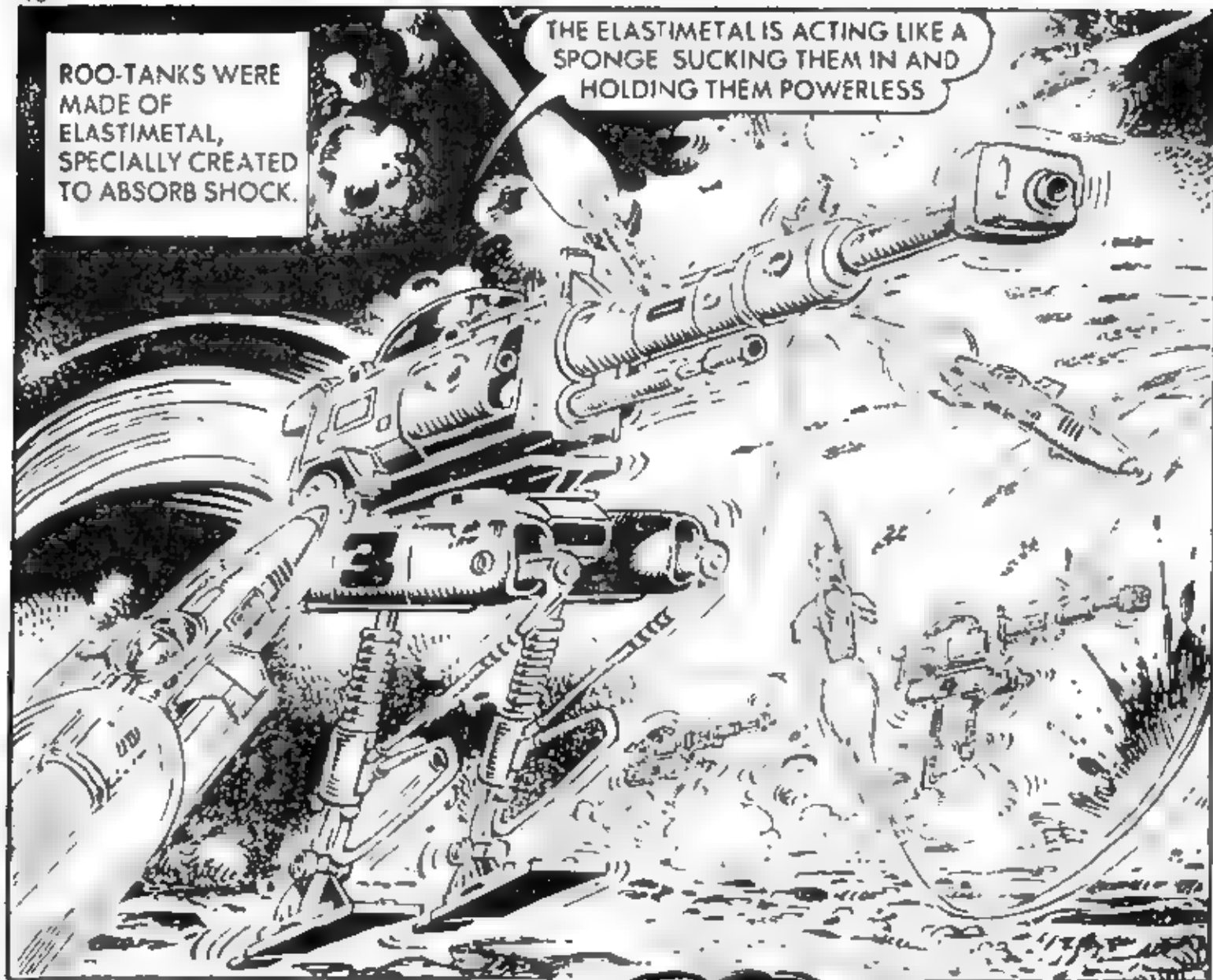
BUT THE TASTAC RAMDROIDS CAME IN THEIR HUNDREDS —



THERE'S TOO MANY! WE'VE NO DEFENCE AGAINST THEM. CABIN SHIELDS DOWN.

ROO-TANKS WERE
MADE OF
ELASTIMETAL,
SPECIALLY CREATED
TO ABSORB SHOCK.

THE ELASTIMETAL IS ACTING LIKE A
SPONGE SUCKING THEM IN AND
HOLDING THEM POWERLESS



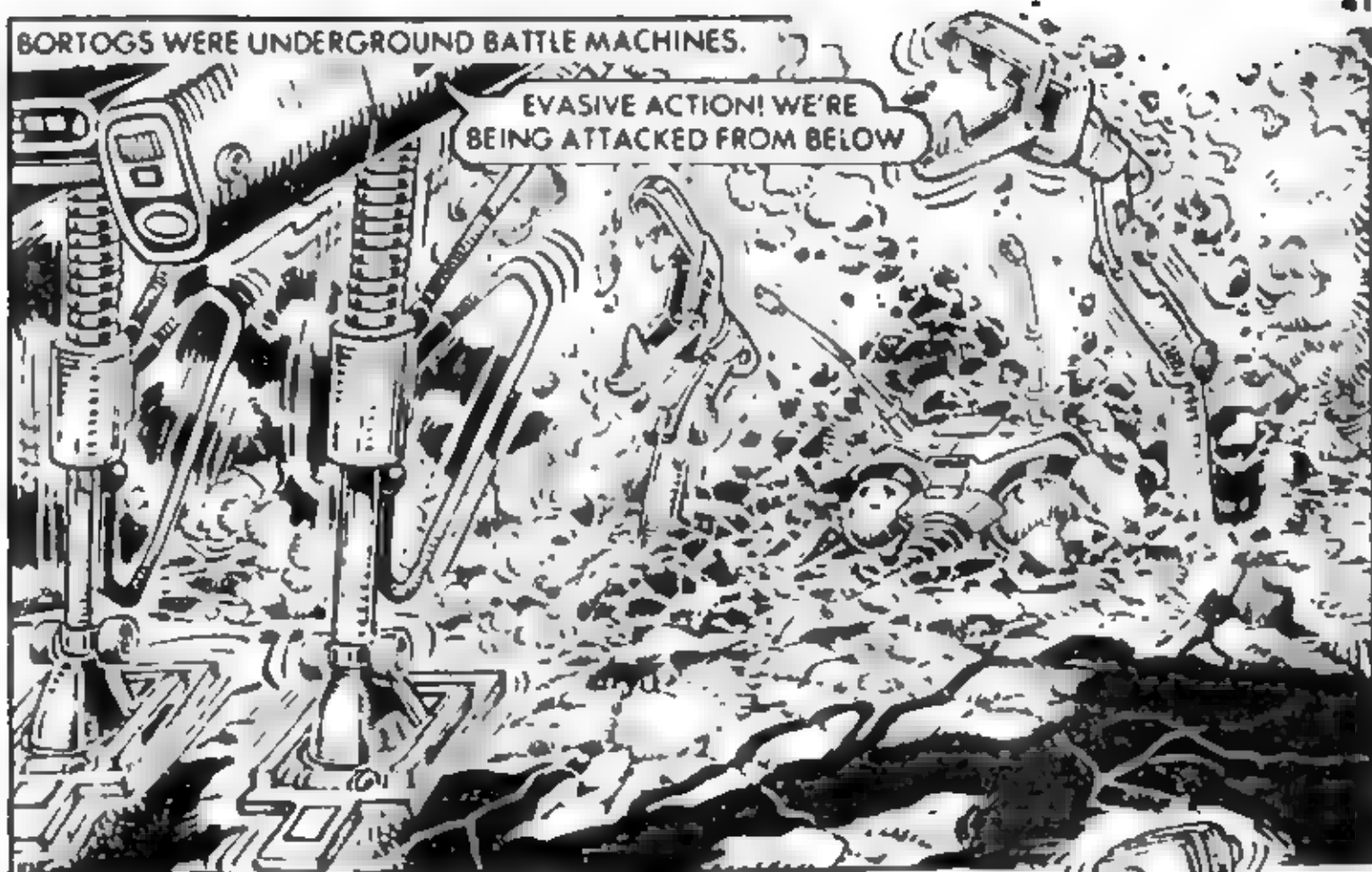
AGAIN WE HAVE DELAYED THEM
IN THEIR EFFORTS. ARE THE
BORTOGS IN POSITION?

YES! THEY WILL EMERGE
IN A FEW MOMENTS.



BORTOGS WERE UNDERGROUND BATTLE MACHINES.

EVASIVE ACTION! WE'RE
BEING ATTACKED FROM BELOW



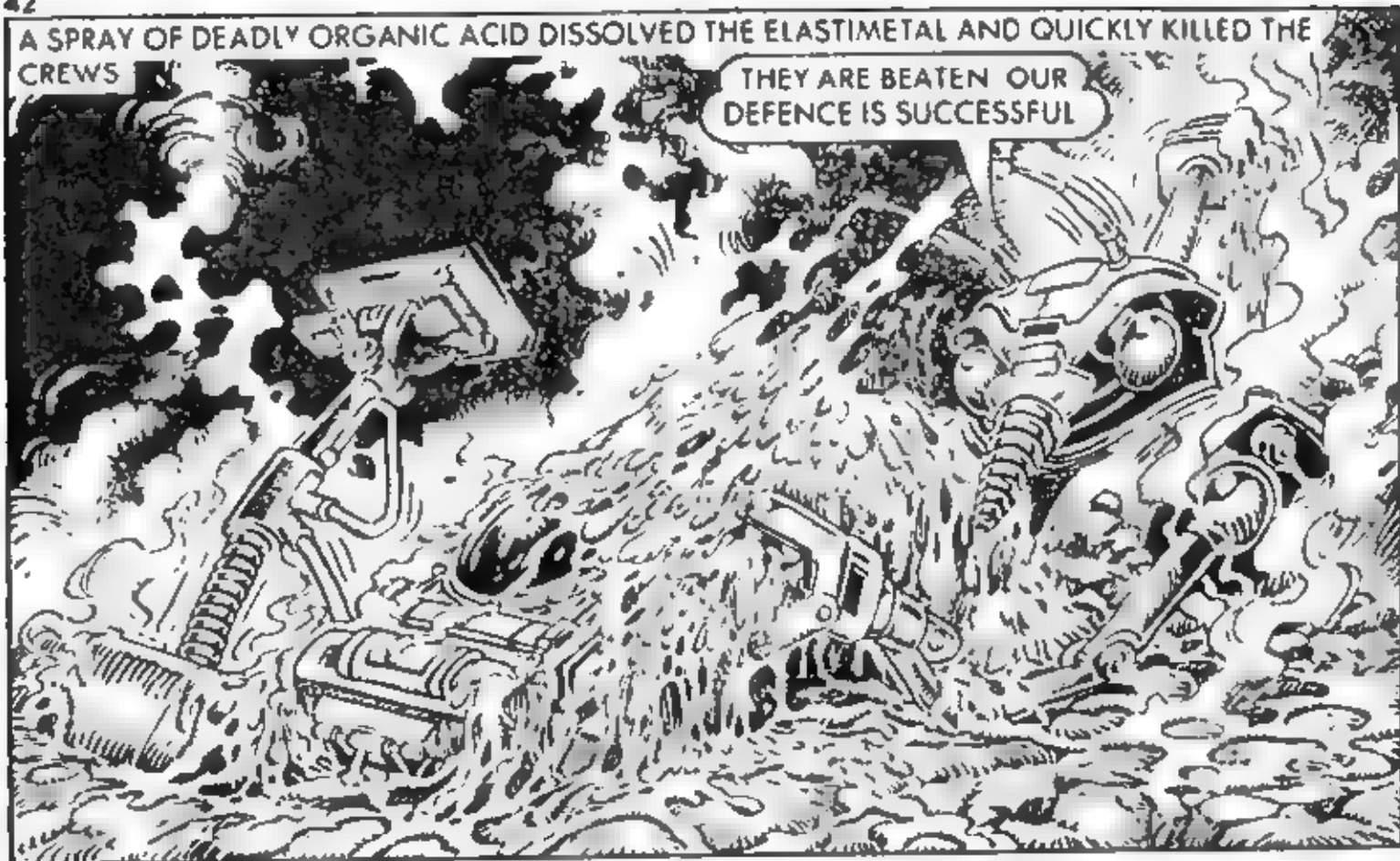
THE BORTOGS STRUCK SWIFTLY ...

HOP LEGS TOTALLY
INCAPACITATED .. SHIELDS DOWN



A SPRAY OF DEADLY ORGANIC ACID DISSOLVED THE ELASTIMETAL AND QUICKLY KILLED THE CREWS

THEY ARE BEATEN OUR DEFENCE IS SUCCESSFUL



THE THREE GENETIC GENERALS DISCUSSED THE DILEMMA

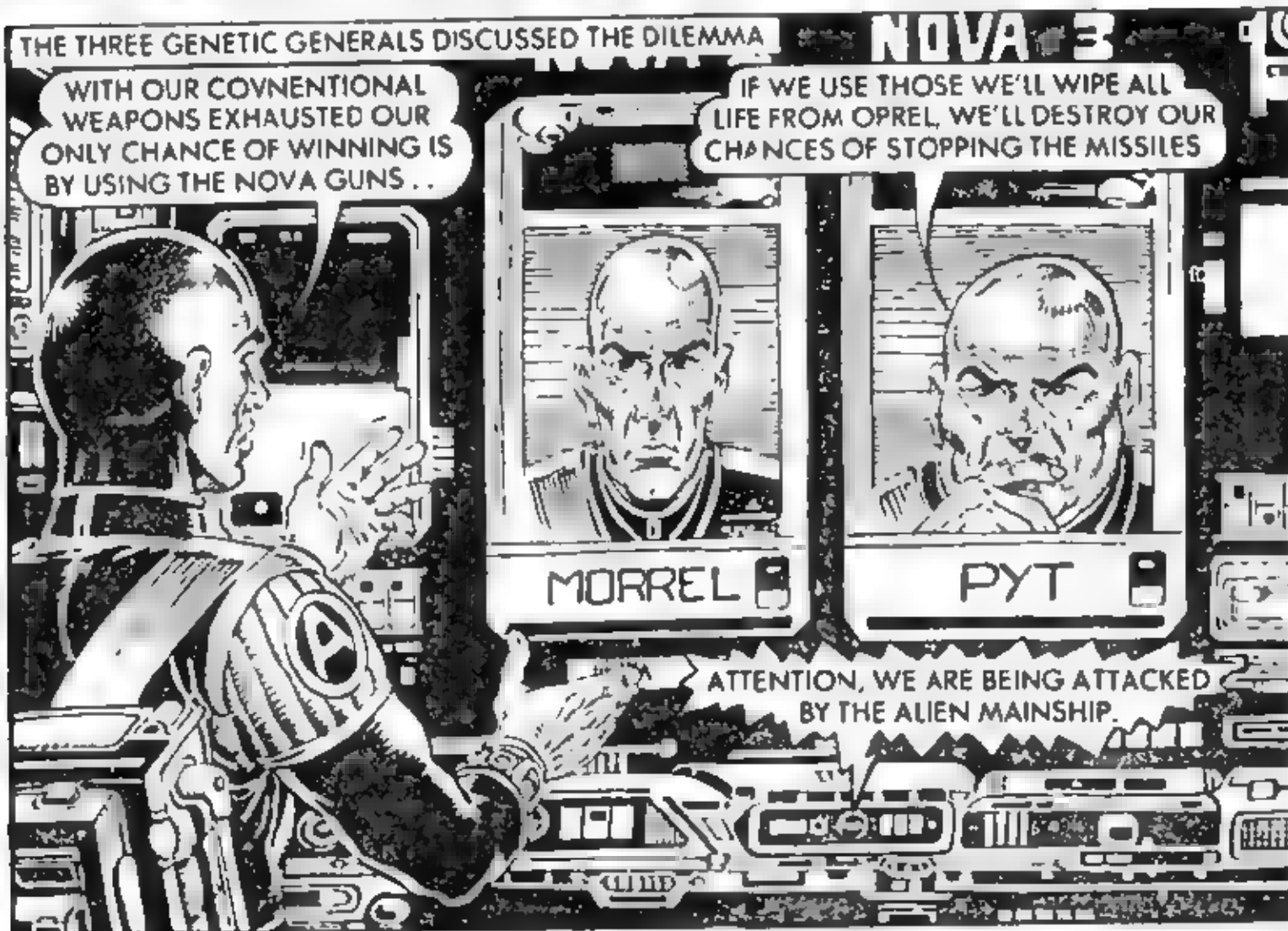
NOVA 3

WITH OUR COVNTENTIONAL WEAPONS EXHAUSTED OUR ONLY CHANCE OF WINNING IS BY USING THE NOVA GUNS...

IF WE USE THOSE WE'LL WIPE ALL LIFE FROM OPREL, WE'LL DESTROY OUR CHANCES OF STOPPING THE MISSILES



ATTENTION, WE ARE BEING ATTACKED BY THE ALIEN MAINSHIP.



CONFIDENT THAT THE NOVA CRUISERS WOULD WIN THE FIGHT; GENERAL SCOTT TRIED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MAINSHIP.

ALIEN MAINSHIP APPROACHING AT LATCH TWO — NO SIGN OF LASER WEAPONRY OR MISSILES

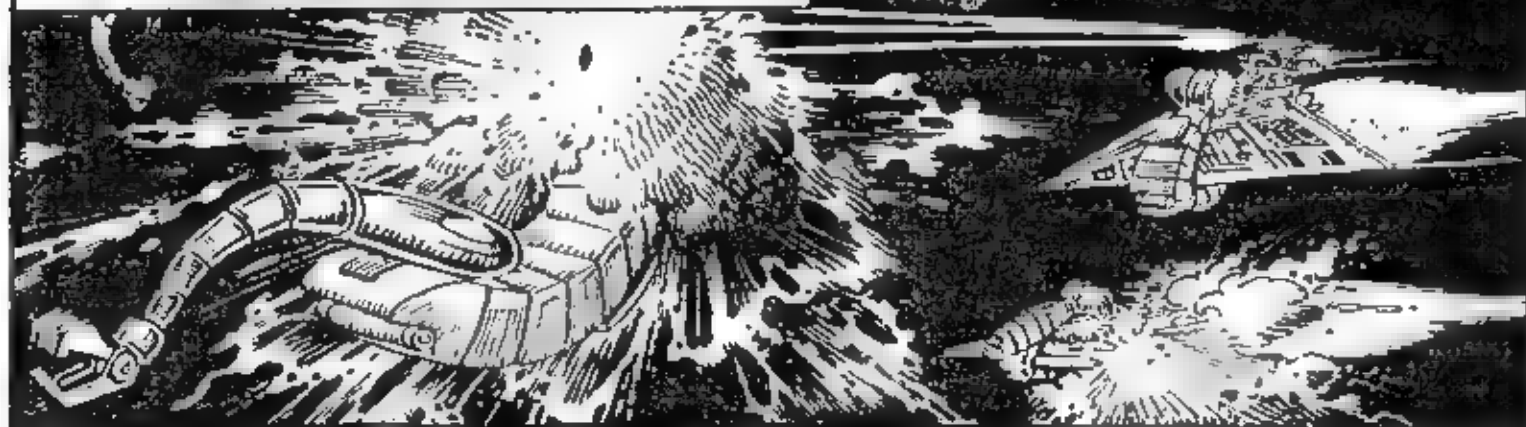
GENERAL SCOTT TO ALIEN CRAFT, DO YOU WISH TO NEGOTIATE?

FROM THE REAR OF THE TASTAC MAINSHIP EMERGED THE ONLY ANSWER THEIR RACE USED.

NEGOTIATE WITH THESE, HUMAN!!

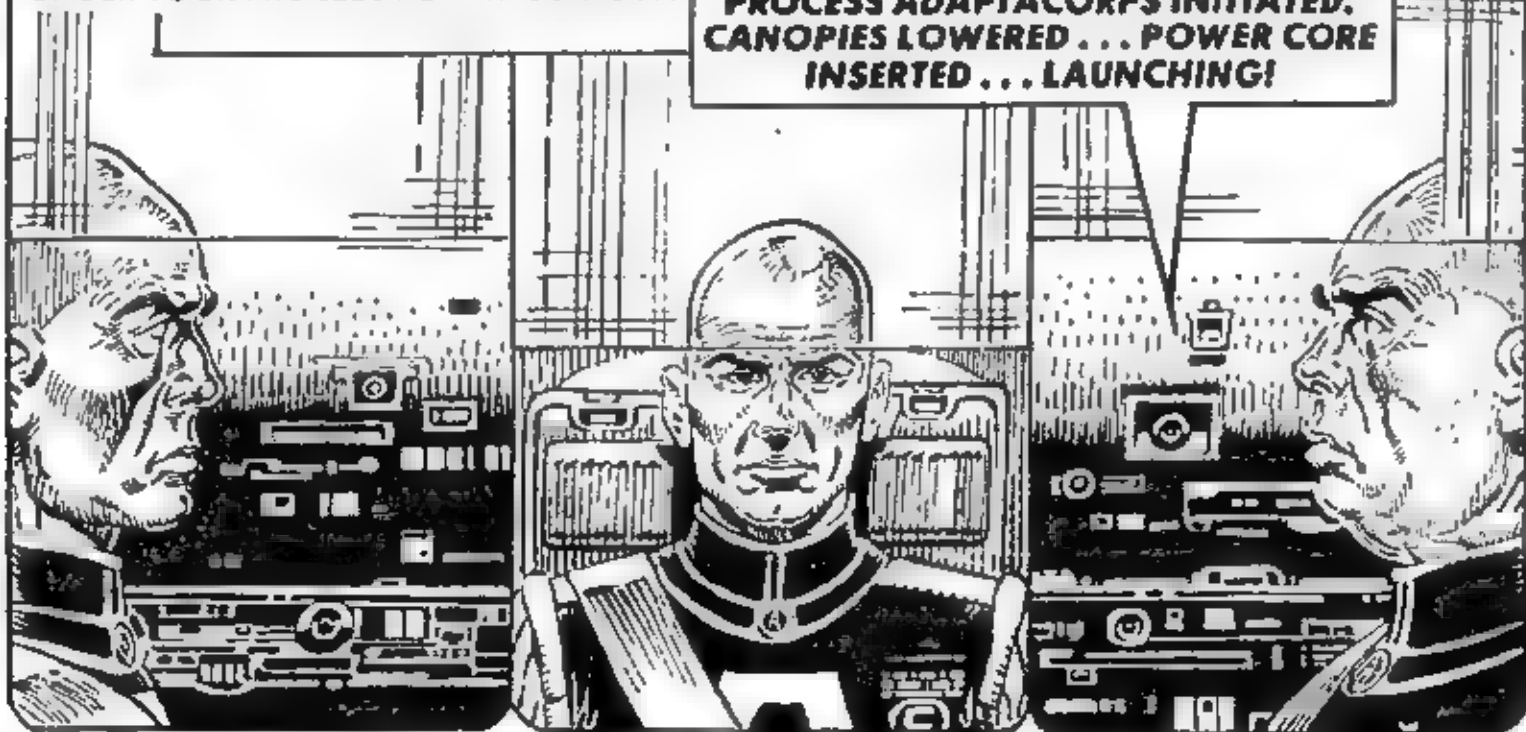
OPEN FIRE!!

**COMPUTER BATTLE ESTIMATE: DEFENCE
SYSTEMS NOT DESIGNED TO ELIMINATE THIS
FORM OF ATTACK. SUGGESTION: INITIATE
SEQUENCE ADAPTACORPS.**

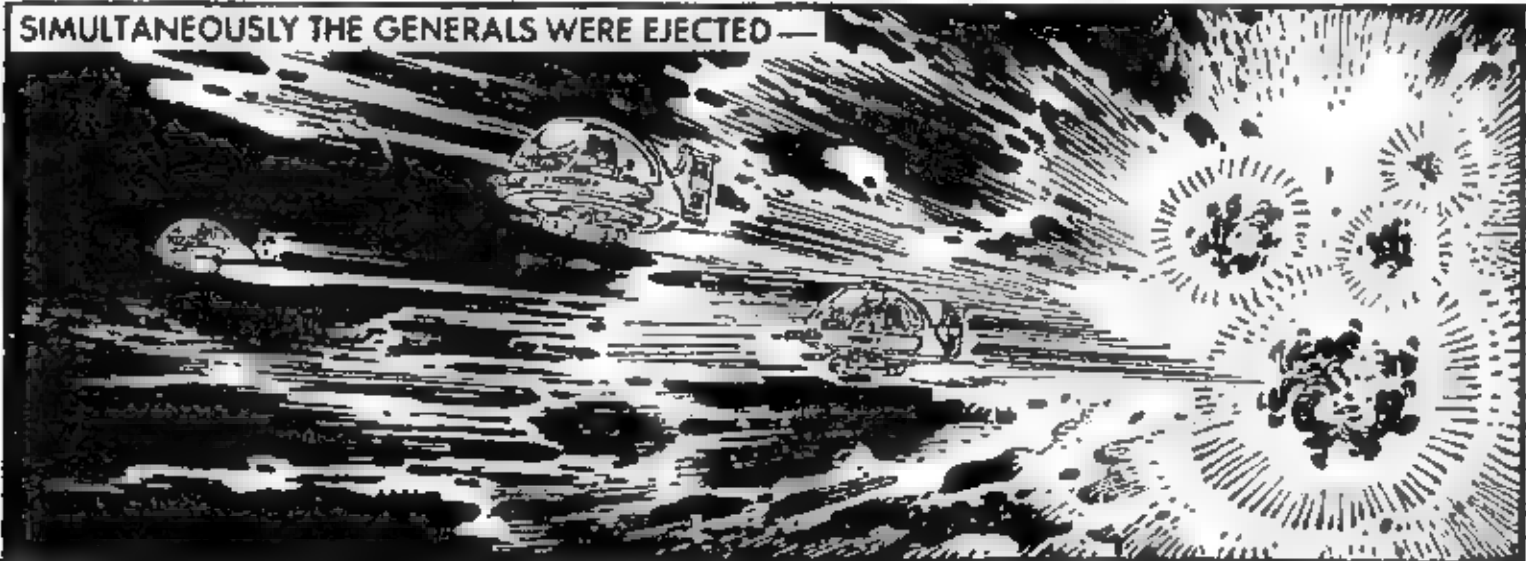


**IN THE EVENT OF IMMINENT DESTRUCTION THE GENETIC GENERALS
UNDER-TOOK PROCESS ADAPTACORPS ...**

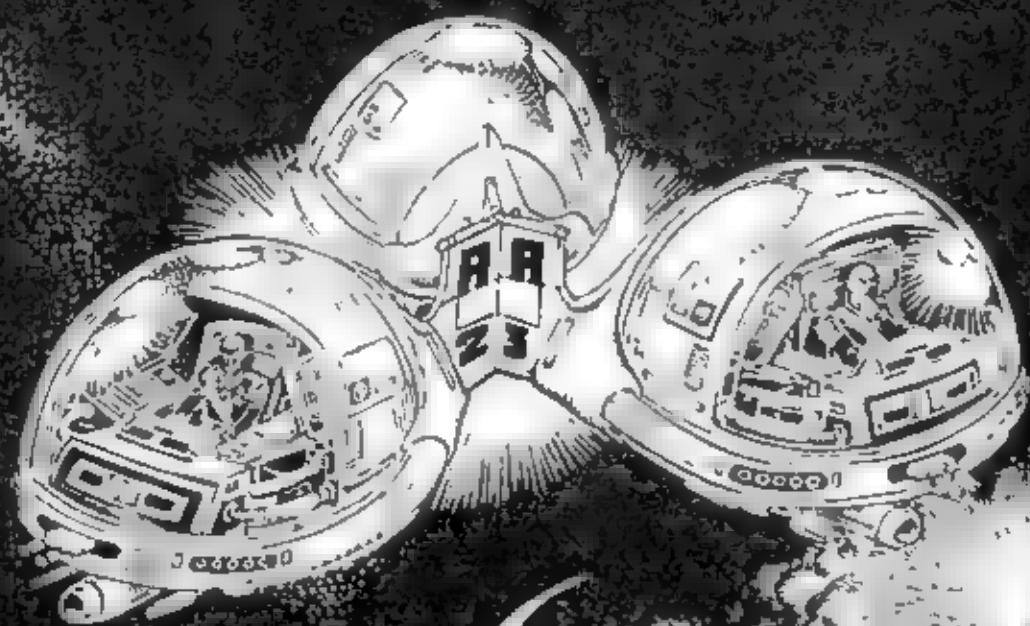
**PROCESS ADAPTACORPS INITIATED.
CANOPIES LOWERED ... POWER CORE
INSERTED ... LAUNCHING!**



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE GENERALS WERE EJECTED —

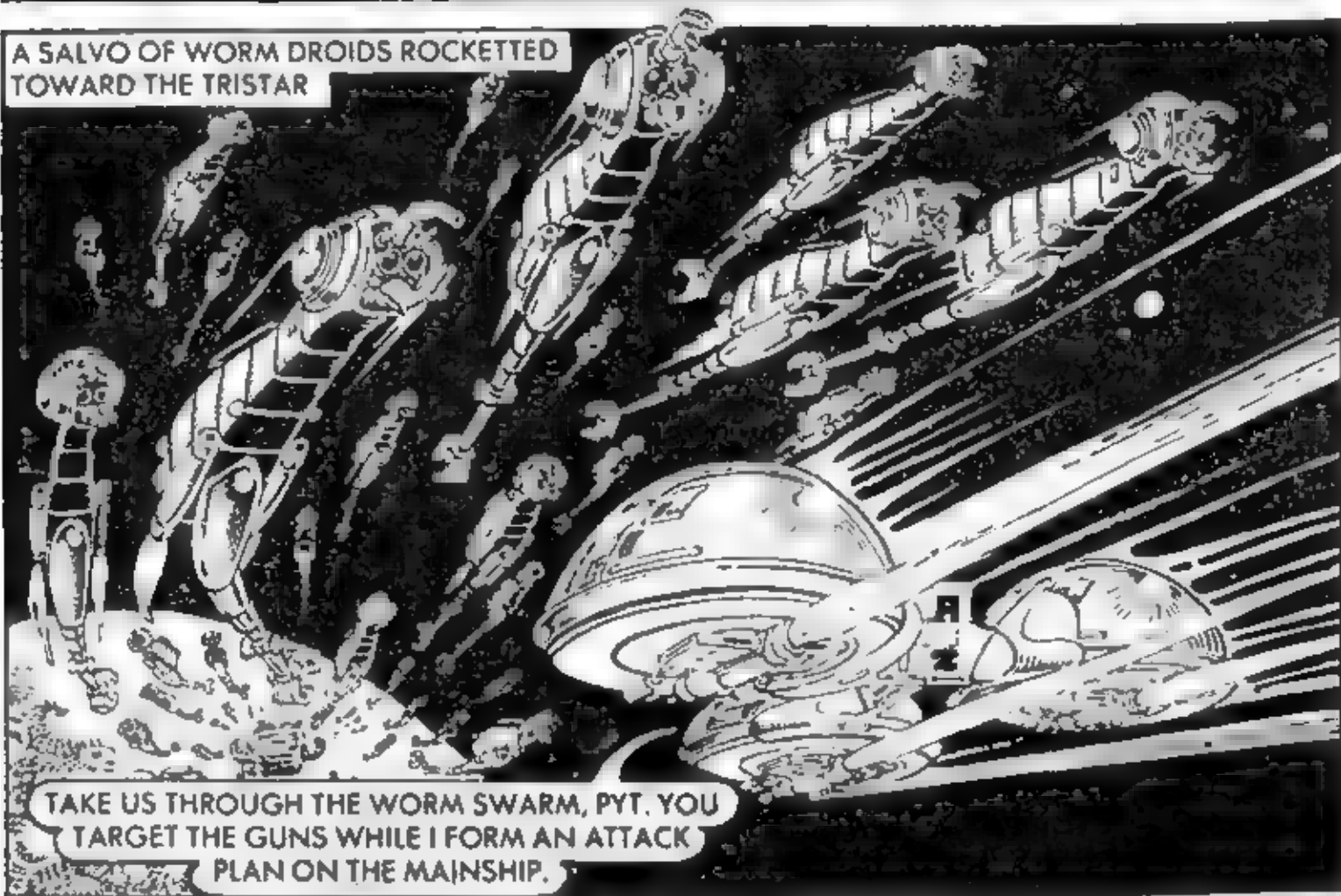


THE THREE ESCAPE CRAFT LOCKED TOGETHER TO FORM A SINGLE SHIP — TRISTAR.



TASTAC MAINSHIP BEARING .03 AT
LATCH TWELVE. NOVA GUNS OPERATIVE

A SALVO OF WORM DROIDS ROCKETED
TOWARD THE TRISTAR



TAKE US THROUGH THE WORM SWARM, PYT. YOU
TARGET THE GUNS WHILE I FORM AN ATTACK
PLAN ON THE MAINSHIP.

TRISTAR MADE EASY WORK OF THE MACHINES

DROIDS DESTROYED. TASTAC SHIP
AT THREE TAKIONS. ATTACK PLAN?

I'VE LOCATED A SOFT SPOT JUST
IN FRONT OF THEIR ENGINES

THOUGH POWERFUL, THE MAINSHIP'S GUN TURRETS HAD DECAYED WITH AGE AND THE
TRISTAR HAD AN EASY TIME AVOIDING THEM.

TARGET IN RANGE,
FIRE WEAPONS.

TRISTAR'S GUNS HIT THEIR TARGET, BUT THE RESULT WAS DISAPPOINTING.

WE'VE HIT EMPTY SPACE, PROBABLY CARGO
HOLDS. NO WONDER IT WASN'T WELL
PROTECTED.

THEIR VITAL AREAS ARE TOO WELL
ARMOURED FOR OUR GUNS TO DO ANY
DAMAGE. I SUGGEST A DIRECT ATTACK
ON THEIR ENGINE EXHAUSTS.

INSIDE THE MAINSHIP ARLOW DECIDED TO MAKE HIS MOVE



FIRING BOOSTERS!





ARLOW QUICKLY CONTACTED THE TRISTAR —

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... I'M OPENING
THE CARGO DOORS NOW, JUST COME
IN



ARLOW SENT A FALSE MESSAGE —

MAINSHIP PILOT TO KAMIS, MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED ALL ENEMY CRAFT ARE
DESTROYED.



VICTORIOUS TASTAC TROOPS. ALL NOW-POSSESSED DEAD TERRANS. WATCHED THE MAINSHIP DESCEND.

WITH SURPRISE ON YOUR SIDE YOUR CHANCES OF SUCCESS ARE MUCH GREATER. I'M OPENING THE CARGO DOORS NOW. GOOD LUCK.

THE TRISTAR SWEEP OUT, FIRING —

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT THEM! THERE'S ONLY HALF A LATCH TO THE CONTROL CENTRE.

IT'S NOT OVER YET. SCAN DETECTS ENEMY FIGHTERS CLOSING IN ON US.

THE RAMMERS WERE MUCH FASTER THAN TRISTAR WHEN FLYING IN ATMOSPHERE —

THEY'LL SHRED US!

SEPARATE!

WITH THE SECTIONS SEPARATE THEIR CHANCES WERE INCREASED THREEFOLD.

IF ALL THEY CAN THROW AT US NOW IS SMALL ARMS FIRE, THEN WE'VE SUCCEEDED

THERE'S STILL ONE THING THEY HAVEN'T THROWN AT US...



BORTOGS!

TOO LATE TO AVOID!
ACTIVATE GENE RESPONSES

AS THE BORTOGS TORE THE SECTIONS APART,
A DRAMATIC CHANGE TOOK PLACE IN THE
CHEMICAL MAKE UP OF THE THREE GENETIC
GENERALS

INDUCE NEUTRON STEEL!

ADAPTACORPS GENERALS WERE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED TO BECOME A VARIETY OF SUBSTANCES, ADAPTING THEM TO ANY FORM OF WARFARE.



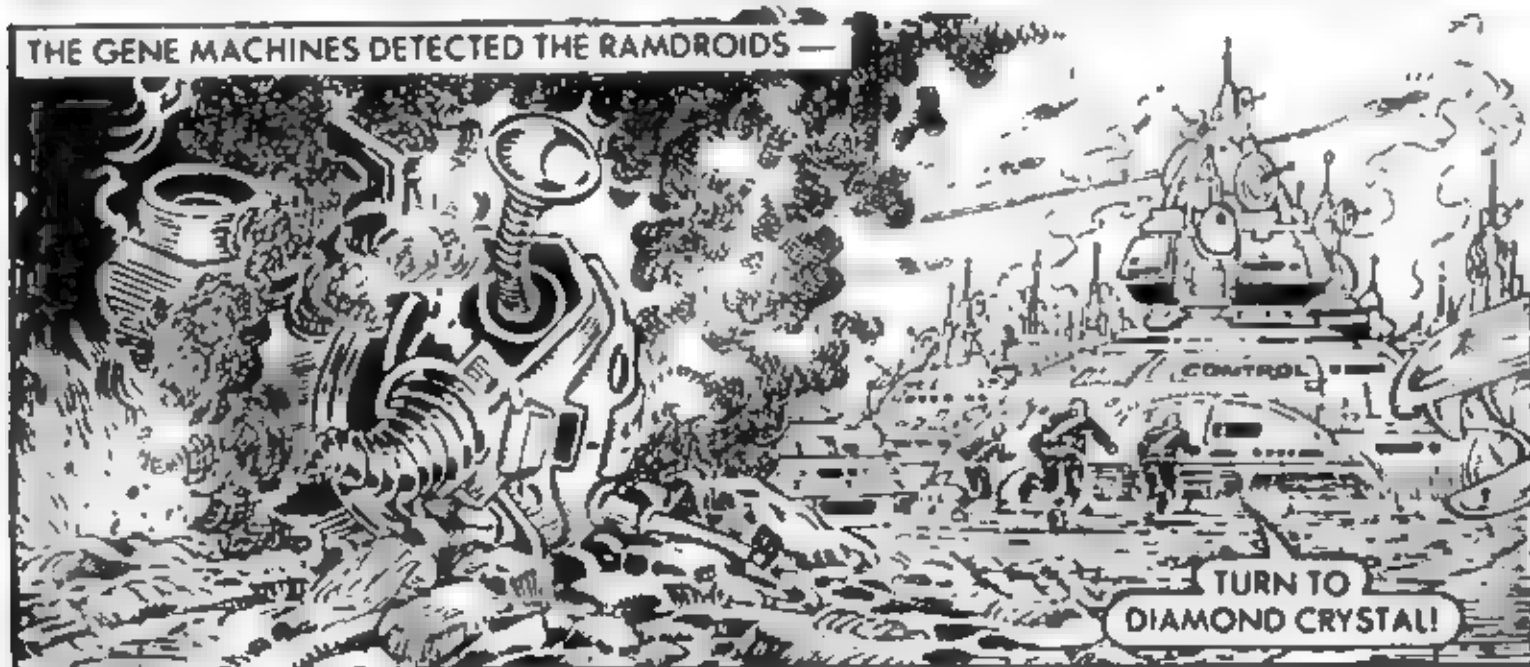
OUR PINCERS WILL TEAR
YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!



AS NEUTRON STEEL, NORMAL METAL
BECOMES LIKE PAPER IN OUR HANDS.

WE'RE WASTING TIME — THOSE MISSILES
WILL HIT EARTH WITHIN THE HOUR

THE GENE MACHINES DETECTED THE RAMDROIDS —



TURN TO
DIAMOND CRYSTAL!

DIAMOND CRYSTAL WAS AN ARTIFICIAL FORM OF DIAMOND
"GROWN" TO INCREDIBLE HARDNESS



THE MANY FACES OF THE CRYSTAL
CONCENTRATE FORCE ENERGY
AGAINST ITSELF.

KAM 5 WAS FAR FROM DISTRESSED AT SEEING ADAPTACORPS

KAMIS!

I KNEW WHAT YOU WERE COMING FOR,
SO I HAD A SURPRISE PREPARED!



TRAPPED WITHIN A STASIS FIELD, THE GENERALS RECEIVED
THE SECOND PART OF THE SURPRISE —

THIS BOMB WILL
FINISH YOU OFF!

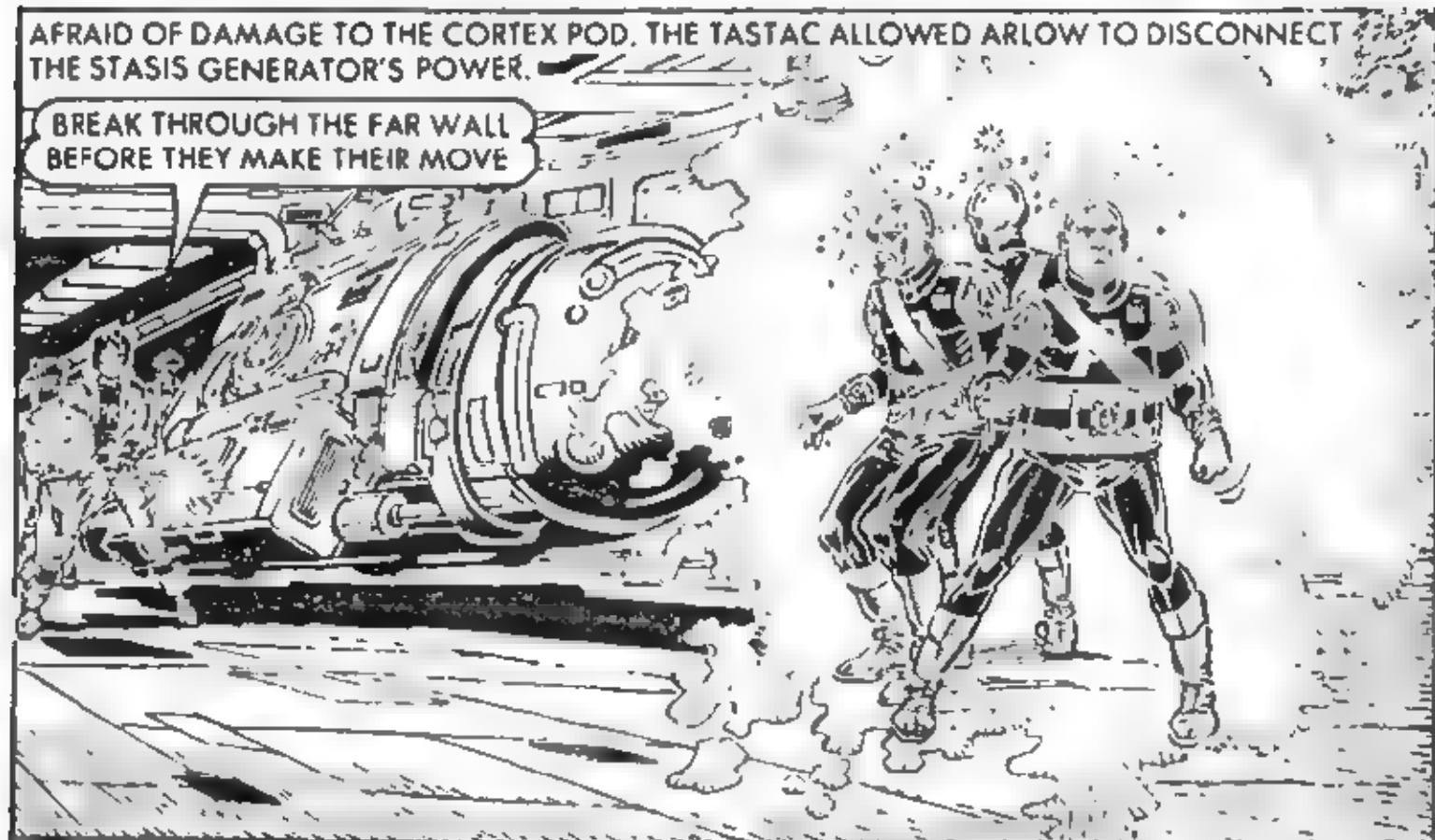
STASIS GENERATOR! WE CAN
MOVE INSIDE THE FIELD, BUT CAN'T
GET OUT OF IT

WE CANNOT DESTROY YOU, BUT WE CAN
REMOVE YOUR MINDS WITH THE CORTEX POD
AND IMPLANT OUR OWN MINDS INSIDE YOUR
BODIES. YOUR KIND OF BODIES WILL BE OUR
PERMANENT CHOICE.



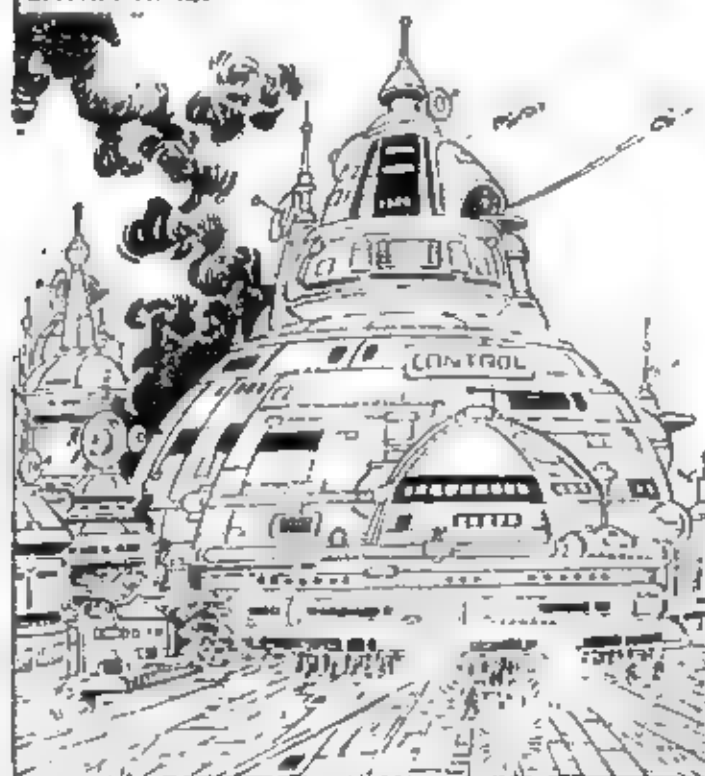
AFRAID OF DAMAGE TO THE CORTEX POD, THE TASTAC ALLOWED ARLOW TO DISCONNECT THE STASIS GENERATOR'S POWER.

BREAK THROUGH THE FAR WALL BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR MOVE

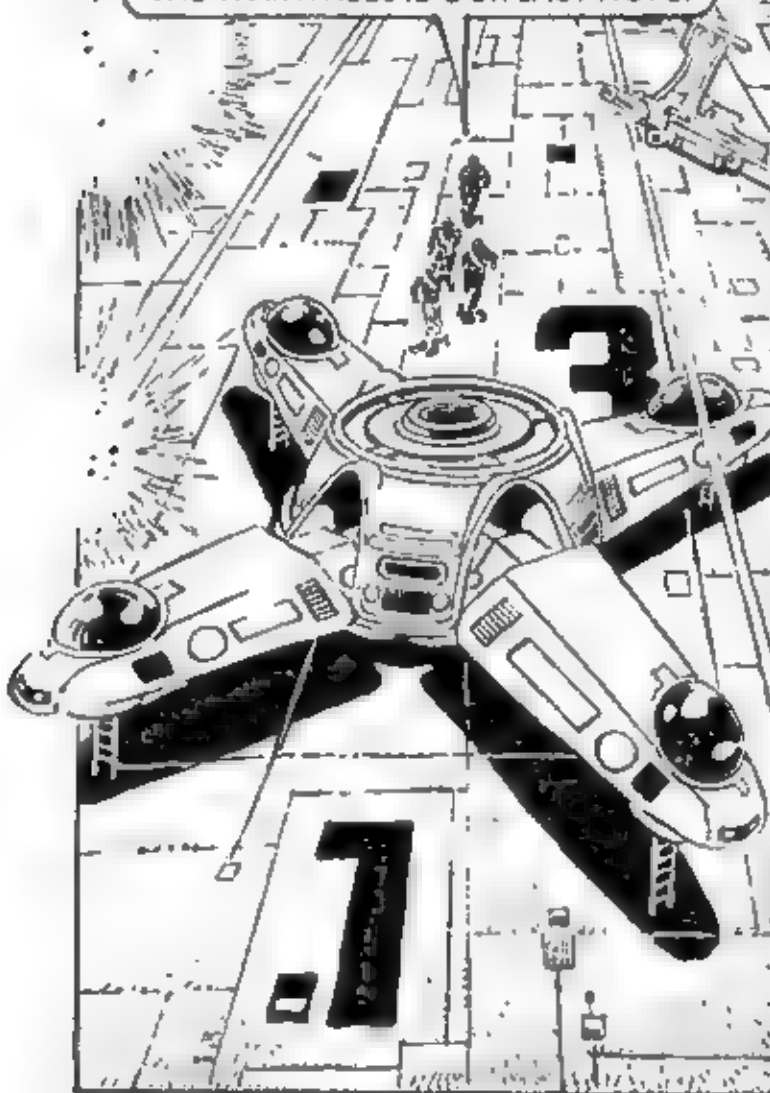




THE CONFUSION GAVE THE MEN A LITTLE EXTRA TIME.



GET ABOARD THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT — THE WARWHEEL IS OUR LAST HOPE.

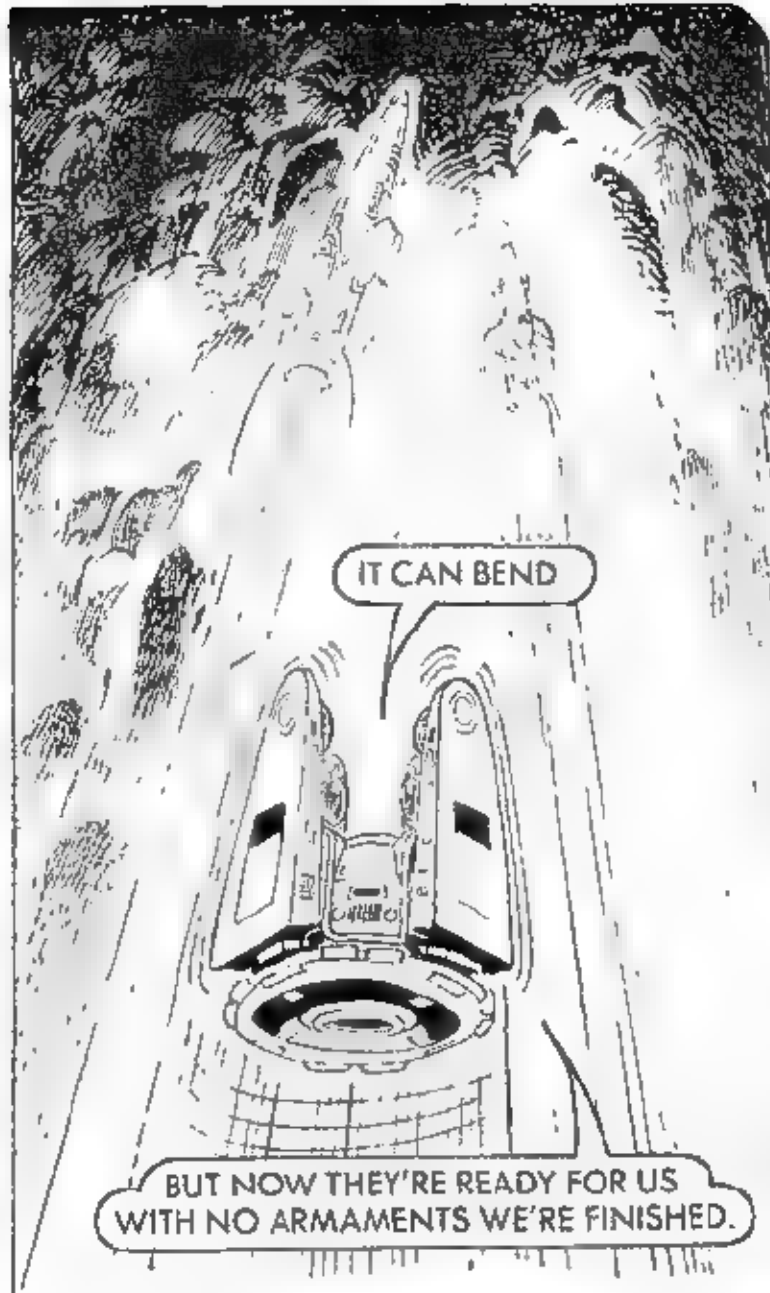
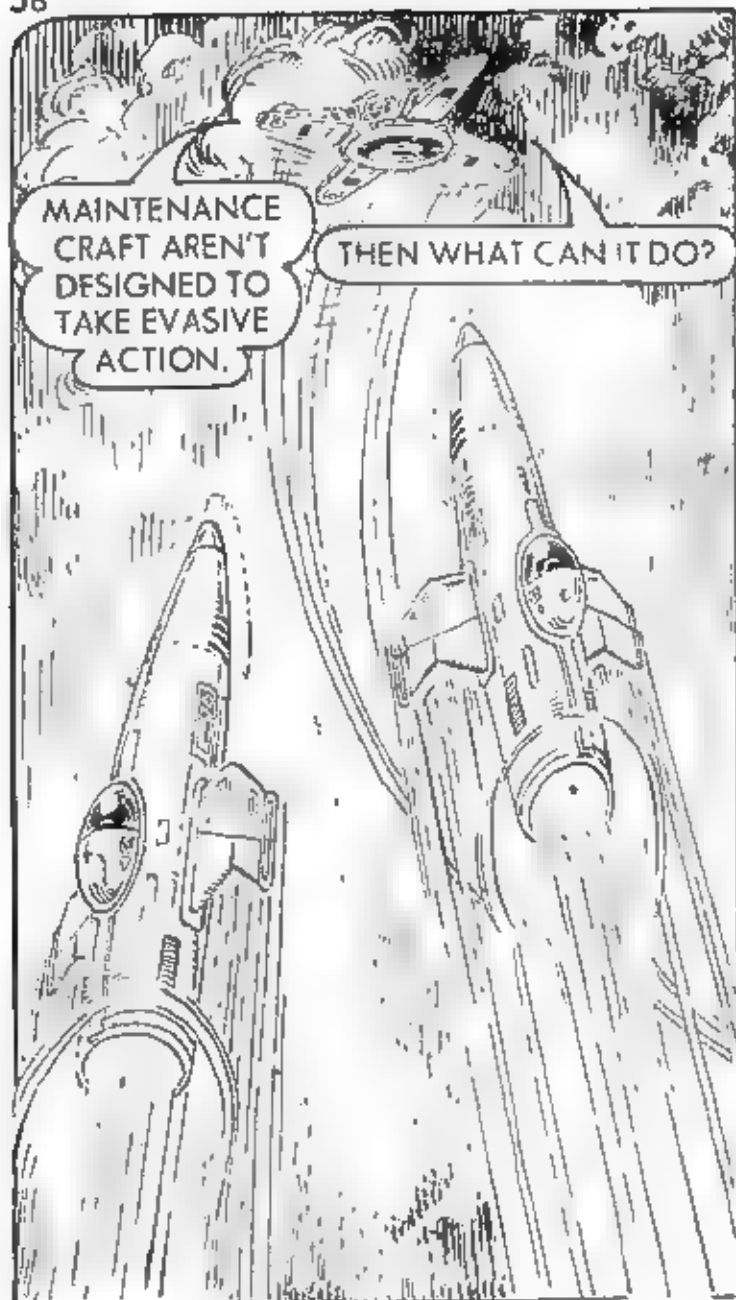


THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT LEAPT INTO THE AIR —

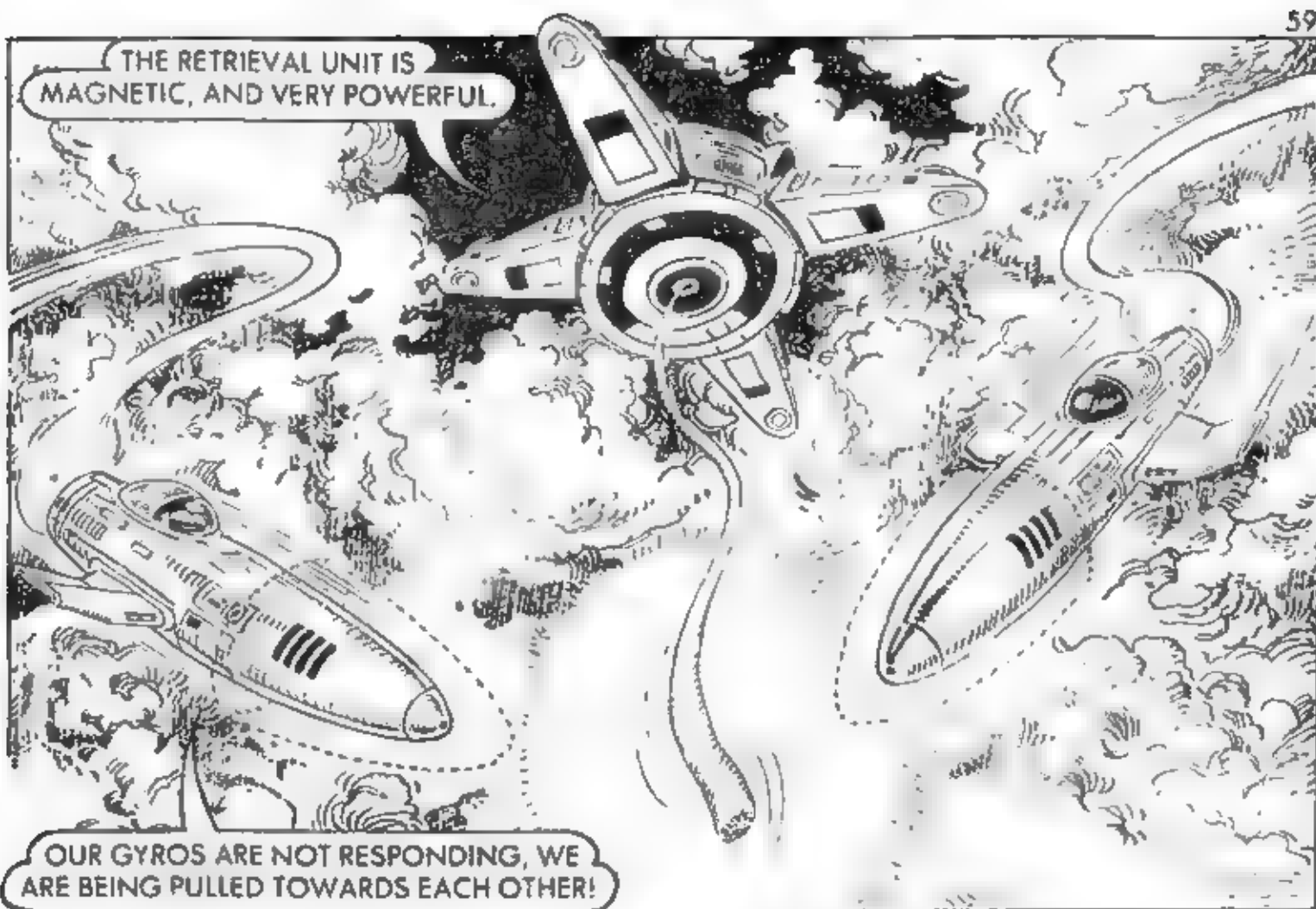
I'M PUTTING THE ANTIGRAV POWER ON FULL REJECTION, WE'LL REACH THE WARWHEEL IN MOMENTS.



TWO RAMMERS CLOSING FAST, WHAT KIND OF EVASIVE ACTION CAN THIS THING TAKE?



THE RETRIEVAL UNIT IS
MAGNETIC, AND VERY POWERFUL.



OUR GYROS ARE NOT RESPONDING, WE
ARE BEING PULLED TOWARDS EACH OTHER!

THE TWO RAMMERS TORE EACH OTHER APART

YAGH! NOOOO!!



ONCE THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT HAD REACHED SPACE IT WAS SAFE FROM RAMMER ATTACK, AND THE JOURNEY TO THE WARWHEEL WAS TROUBLE FREE

IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME I
I'LL SHOW YOU THE COMPUTER.

WE'D LIKE A RUNDOWN ON
HOW THE WARWHEEL OPERATES

THE COMPUTER CORE WAS A HUGE COMPLEX

OLD GALACTIC MISSILES CARRIED THEIR
FUEL ON BOARD, SO REDUCING THEIR
EXPLOSIVE CAPACITY. WARWHEEL
MISSILES ARE POWERED BY ONE SINGLE
CHARGE OF NEGATIVE IONS WHICH
REQUIRES NO ENGINE.

SO WHERE DOES THE
ION CHARGE COME FROM?



IT COMES FROM THIS BATTERY, WHICH LAUNCHES
EXACTLY THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF POWER FOR A MISSILE
TO REACH ITS TARGET.

GENERAL PYT TURNED HIMSELF INTO A
MASS OF NEGATIVE IONS.

... BUT FROM WITHIN THE
MISSILES THEMSELVES!

OF COURSE! WE CAN GET
THE COMPUTER TO TARGET
US ON THE MISSILES.

IT LEAVES A TRAIL OF SPENT
NEGATIVE IONS IN ITS PATH... I
BELIEVE I KNOW HOW WE MIGHT
STOP THE MISSILES. NOT FROM
HERE...

IN THE FORM OF NEGATIVE ION ENERGY, THE GENETIC GENERALS STOOD IN THE THREE VACANT MISSILED SILOS.

ATTENTION, COMPUTER, THIS IS SCIENCE OFFICER ARLOW WATT. YOU WILL ADOPT A TRAJECTORY OF 5.77 HOCYCLES FOR SILOS ONE TO THREE...

NEURO-SCAN IDENTIFIES YOU, OFFICER WATT. FIRING SEQUENCE INITIATED...

ARLOW WATCHED AS THE TRIO WERE LAUNCHED ON THE MISSILE PATHS

COMPUTER, YOU WILL NOW DISARM WARWHEEL WEAPONRY AND ADOPT RADIO SILENCE UNTIL I CHANGE THE ORDER

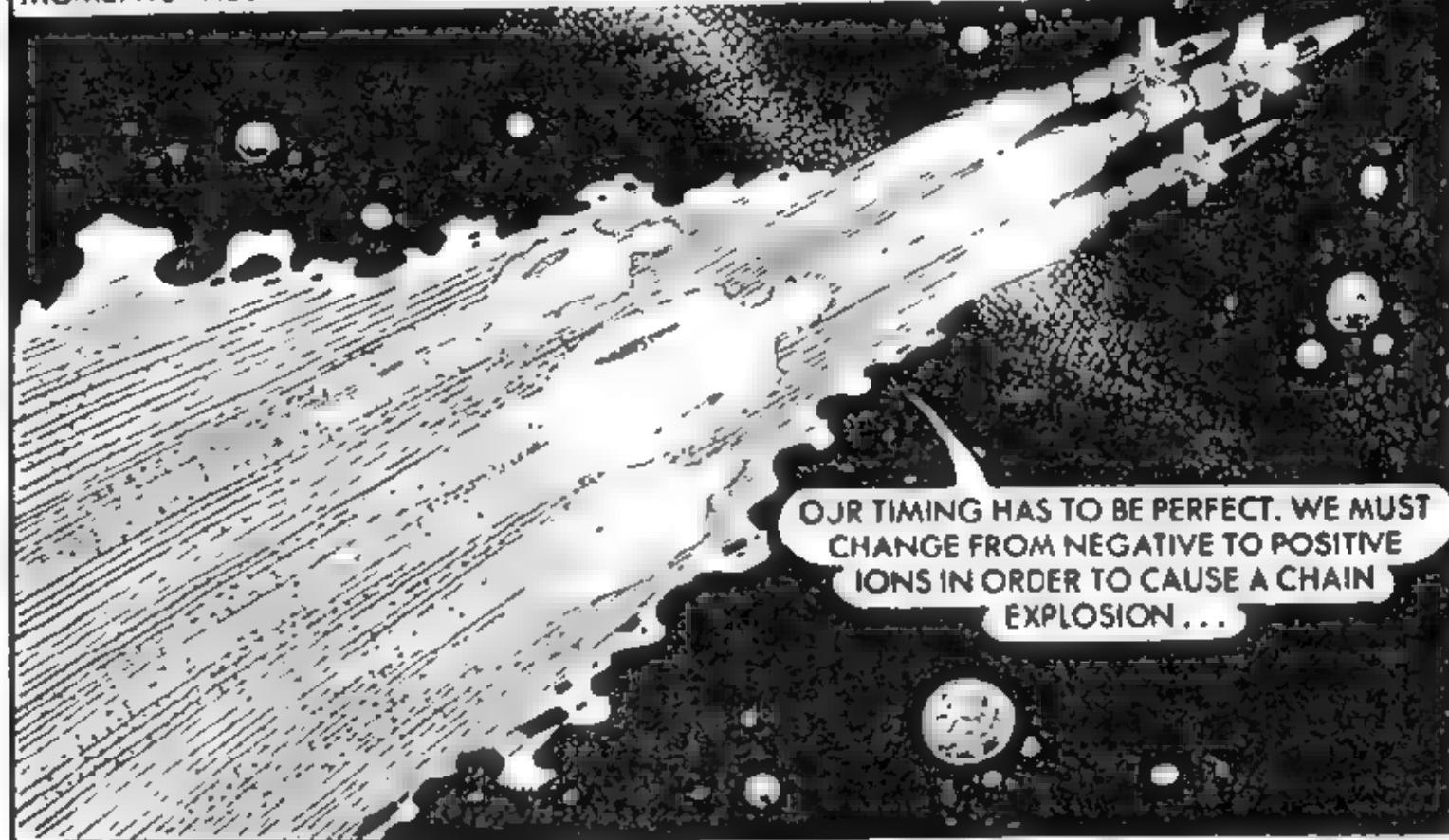
AFFIRMATIVE.

SCANNER

ARLOW LOOKED INTO THE WARWHEEL'S OBSERVATION REELS WHERE THE EARLIER BATTLE HAD BEEN RECORDED.



MOMENTS PASSED BEFORE THE GENETIC GENERALS REACHED THEIR TARGETS



... NOW!

THE EARTHBOUND MISSILES WERE VAPOURISED BY THE GENETIC GENERALS —

A PATROL CRAFT SOON ARRIVED —

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A
GIANT ION STORM.

EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, WE'RE
PICKING SOMETHING UP ON SCAN ...



ARLOW WAS RESCUED FROM THE WARWHEEL AND AT ONCE A CONTAINMENT PLAN WAS PUT INTO OPERATION.



ARLOW GOT HIS ANSWER AT THE DEFENCE MINISTRY.





BUT HAD ARLOW TURNED AT THAT POINT HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE 'STATUES' MOVING. THE GENERALS COULD BE RECREATED FROM EVEN ONE SALVAGED CELL, AND THAT WAS WHAT THE PATROL CRAFT HAD BEEN SENT TO PICK UP. THE GENETIC GENERALS WERE ALL BUT INDESTRUCTIBLE AND ALWAYS POISED TO DO THEIR TASK.

**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 133

IT WAS ALIEN, HUGE AND
WOULDN'T COMMUNICATE
IT WAS ON A COLLISION
COURSE WITH EARTH, AND
THERE SEEMED NO WAY
OF STOPPING IT

**DEATH
CAME
SILENTLY!**

RESCUE

On sale at your newsagent's ***NOW!***



The Soyuz 9 flight engineer was Vitali Sevastyanov, 34. He stayed in space for 17 days 16 hr. 58 min. 50 sec. after a launch on June 1, 1970. He was also on Soyuz 18B, launched on May 24, 1975. This flight lasted 62 days 23 hr. 20 min. Sevastyanov is now a journalist.